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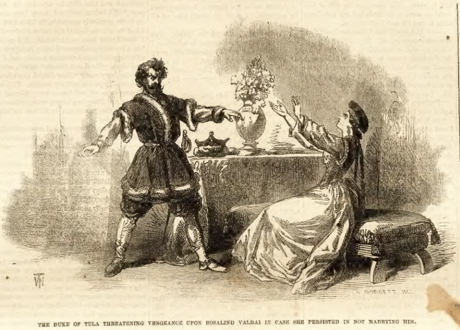
THE SPEAKING OF HER EYES.

BY D. P. D.

I have a little gem, my own,
The fondling of my heart;
Its shrine is perfumed, and alone
Makes up my vital part;
It is the love of one whom you,
Dull worldling, n'er can prize,
Till you have felt what many rue,
The speaking of her eyes.

To paint a beauty so divine,
To trace a soul so bright,
Were crowding foolish lamps like mine
Upon a starless night,
If I were but the artist weak:
For I can ne'er surprise
One island thought could artless speak,
The speaking of her eyes.

Let sages seek in dismal hours,
For "sermons read in stones;"
Let poets sing to stars and flow'rs,
And catch their whispered tones:
But I have one who doth outmatch,
Fair Nature's richest prize;
Gladly I break my lyre to watch,
The speaking of her eyes.



THE DUKE OF TULA THREATENING VENGEANCE UPON ROSALIND VALDAI IN CASE SHE PERSISTED IN NOT MARRYING HIM.

THE GUN MAKER OF MOSCOW;

OR,

VALDIMIR THE MONK.

A TALE OF THE EMPIRE UNDER PETER THE GREAT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER VII—CONTINUED.

Peter Alexiowitz, the impetuous Emperor—then in the zeal and fire of youth—leaped from his standing-place, and caught Ruric by the hand.

"By Saint Michael!" he cried, earnestly and loudly, "you stand clear of all blame, for full well do I now know that, had you so desired you could have slain Conrad Damonoff at your first intent."

"Sire," returned the youth, now speaking tremulously, "twice did I disarm the Count, and yet spare him. And when, in my rage, I broke his weapon in twain to bring him to his senses, he seized a second sword."

"Sir Duke," spoke the Emperor, turning towards Olga, who stood trembling with rage and mortification, "you see you must have labored under a mistake. You can retire now. ——Not a word, sir!"

With a quivering lip and a trembling step the Duke left the apartment; and after him went Stephen Urzen."

"Now, Ruric Nevel, if you leave Moscow without my consent, you do so at your peril. I would not lose sight of you. You are at liberty."

In an hour more Ruric was upon his mother's bosom. He told her all that had happened—all but the last words of the Emperor. He did not tell her of those, for he knew not whether they boded him good or evil.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MASK FALLS FROM A VILLAIN'S FACE.

It was about two weeks after the events last recorded that Rosalind Valdai sat in her own apartment with Zenobie for her companion. It was in the afternoon, and a severe storm was raging without.

"Now, Zenobie," spoke the beautiful maiden, "we have a moment alone—the first since morning. And now tell me about that black monk. What did he say his name was?"

"Valdimir."

"Ah, yes. I have heard his name; and if I mistake not he is a sort of mysterious being."

"He is, my mistress; and I am just as confident that I have seen him before as I am that I have seen you before."

"How? Seen him before?"

"Yes."

"But where?"

"Ah," returned the young girl, with a dubious shake of the head, "there is the mystery. For the life of me I cannot tell. He knew me—he knows everybody—and yet he has not been long in the city, if one might judge from his conversation."

"But what did he stop you for? Where was it?" asked Rosalind, eagerly.

"It was in the church he stopped me—in our church of St. Stephen. He was at the altar, and he beckoned to me as I arose to come out. I went to him, and he asked me about you."

"About me?"

"Yes,—and about Ruric Nevel."

"And what about us?" the maiden asked, blushing.

"He asked me if I thought you loved the young gun-maker. He was so kind,—and he seemed so anxious to know,—and then he seemed to take such an interest in Ruric, that I could not refuse to answer him."

"But what did you tell him?"

"I told him you did love Ruric. I told him how you had been children together—and how you would now give your hand to him sooner than to the proudest noble in the land. He asked me some things about the Duke, but I would not tell him that. When I must tell of evil if I tell the truth, I will not speak if I can properly avoid it."

"You were right, Zenobie. You were very right—about this last part; but you should not have told all you knew concerning me and Ruric."

"I hope I did nothing wrong. Oh, I should be proud to acknowledge my love for such a man."

"Aye—and so I am, my little sprite. I love Ruric with my whole soul, and would be proud to give him my hand this day; but that is no reason why you should tell of it."

"Surely my mistress, I meant no harm," the young girl cried, eagerly.

"Hush, Zenobie. I do not blame you. Only I would have you careful."

"And I would be careful. But oh, you could not have resisted him. He drew it from me almost ere I knew it. He put his questions in such a strange manner that I could not speak without telling what he wanted to know. He did not say, 'Does she love Ruric Nevel?' but he took it for granted that such was the case, and then ere I was aware of it he had made me say so. But he surely does not mean you harm; nor does he mean harm to Ruric. He is a good man, I know."

"I wish I could see him," returned Rosalind, half to herself.

"You cannot mistake him if you ever do see him, my mistress. He is a strange looking man; and then he dresses differently from most of our church officers. He dresses all in black—to-day it was in black velvet. But his shape is his most striking characteristic. He is the fattest man in Moscow. His belly shakes when he laughs, and his chin seems to sink clear out of sight. He would be a funny man, and would make me laugh, if he did not puzzle me so."

"And did he ask you about anything else?"

"No—only he asked me if I knew how the Duke stood with the Emperor; and I told him I thought he stood very well. Then he said he had heard that they had had some dispute concerning the duel between the Count Damonoff and Ruric. But I told him I guessed that had resulted in no estrangement, for the Duke was as much at court as ever. And after that he told me about the duel, as he was there and saw nearly the whole of the affair."

And Zenobie went on and told all that the monk related about Ruric's bravery; and Rosalind listened now attentively and eagerly. It was a theme that pleased her. The attendant saw how gratefully the account came upon the ears of her mistress, and she closed the recital with some opinions of her own wherein Ruric Nevel was held up as a pattern after which all men who wished to win the love of woman should be made.

But before any answer could be made by Rosalind the door of the apartment was opened and the Duke entered. He smiled very kindly as he bowed to his ward, and then, with a wave of his hand, he motioned for Zenobie to withdraw; and after the attendant was gone he took a seat close by his fair charge. The maiden looked up into his face, and though there was no very serious look there as yet, still she could plainly see that he had something of more than usual importance on his mind. She shuddered as she gazed upon him, for she could not help it. There was something in the look of the man—a sort of hidden intent which came out in his tone and glance—a deep, meaning something which he had never spoken, but which was yet manifest, that moved her thus. What it was she could not tell. It was the prompting of that instinct of the human soul which may repel an object while yet the working mind detects nothing evil.

But she was not to remain in the dark much longer. The Evil One was loose, and his bonds of restraint were cast off. He had marked his prey, and the meshes were gathering about it.

"Rosalind," the Duke said, in a tone which he meant should have been easy and frank, but which, nevertheless, was marked strongly with effort, "there is some talk among the surgeons now that Conrad Damonoff may recover."

"O, I am glad of that," the fair girl uttered, earnestly.

"Yes—I suppose so," resumed Olga, eyeing her sharply. "But you have no particular care for him, I presume."

"For—for—the Count?"

"Aye,—it was of him I was speaking."

"No, sir. I care only for him as I care for all who need to become better ere they die."

"Aha—yes," said the Duke, biting his lip, for in his own mind he had the frankness to acknowledge that he was about as needy of virtue as was the Count. "But," he resumed, with a faint smile, "you never loved the man?"

"No, sir," the maiden answered, gazing up into her guardian's face with an inquisitive look.

"So I thought—so I thought." As Olga thus spoke he smiled again, and moved his chair nearer to Rosalind. "I am well aware," he resumed, "that your affections have not yet been set upon any one who is capable of making a proper companion for you through all the ups and downs of coming life."

Rosalind's eyes drooped beneath the steady gaze of the speaker, and her frame trembled. But ere she could make any reply the Duke went on:

"My dear Rosalind, I have come now upon a business which I may justly call the most important of my life. I have not approached this subject lightly, nor with over zeal; but I have come to it through careful consideration and anxious study."

Here the Duke stopped and gazed into Rosalind's face. She met his gaze, and her eyes drooped again. She trembled more than before, and a dim, dreadful fear worked its way to her mind.

"Rosalind," the nobleman continued, "when I was but nineteen years of age I was married with a girl whom I loved. She lived with me four short, happy years. In that time we were blessed with two children, but they lived not long to cheer us. And then my beautiful wife died, and the world was all dark and drear to me. I thought I should never love again. Time passed on, and you were placed in my charge. When you first came I loved you; and I wondered if you were to take the place of the children I had lost. But you grew quickly up. Your mind was expanded, and your heart was large. I found that I could not make a child of you; and then I sat down all alone and asked myself what place it was you had assumed in my heart. Can you guess the answer, Rosalind?"

"As a little child," answered the maiden, trembling violently.

"No, no, sweet one. I pondered, and I studied; and I examined myself carefully; and I found that the memory of my departed wife was fast fading away before the rising of another one just as pure, and just as holy. Now do you understand?"

"No, no,—Oh, no!" the maiden uttered in a frightened whisper.

"Then listen further," continued the nobleman, in a low, earnest tone, and with a strange fire in his deep blue eye: "As your charms of both mind and person were gradually developed I came to look upon you with new feelings, or, I should say, with the old feeling more fully developed. I looked around me. I saw my sumptuous palace without a legitimate female head. In my parties I had no companion to assist and guide me, and in my loneliness I had no mate to cheer and enliven me. I wished not that such should be the case. At length my eyes were opened, and I saw plainly the spirit that was moving upon my soul. I looked upon you, and I knew that I had found the woman who was to give me joy once more. Rosalind, I love you truly, fondly; and I would make you my wife. Now you cannot fail to understand me—can you?"

Rosalind gazed up into the face of her guardian, and she was pale as death.

"You do not mean——Oh!"

It was a deep, painful groan, and the fair girl clasped her hands towards the man before her.

"Hold," he said, almost sternly. "I am not trifling now. I am not only serious, but firm in purpose. When you were placed under my charge your father bade me do as I would; and now I would make you my wife. The Count Damonoff was the first who came for your hand, and had he been a proper man, and had you loved him, I should have interposed no objections; but you did not love him, and that affair is passed. Now I lay my claim upon you, and my fortune and title I lay at your feet."

"And what is to become of my estate?" the maiden asked, quickly and meaningly, for the thought flashed upon her.

"Why—we'll have the two united," returned the Duke, with some hesitation.

"No, no," Rosalind cried; "you will not do this. Oh, spare me from such a fate!"

"Spare thee, girl? Spare thee from becoming the wife of one of the most powerful noblemen in the empire? You must be crazy."

"My guardian," spoke the fair girl, now looking her companion steadily in the face, "you only do this to try me. When you know that such a union would make me miserable forever—when you know it would cast out all the joys of life, and extinguish the last hope of peace from my soul, you surely will not press it."

"Rosalind Valdai, I have resolved that you should be my wife. Mind you—this is one of the firm, fixed purposes of my soul;—and those who know the Duke of Tula best know that he never gives up a purpose once fixed in his mind. You cannot mistake me now."

Slowly the stern fact dawned upon Rosalind's mind. There had been a lingering hope that he might be only trying her to see if she loved him, or if she would willingly become his wife. Awhile she remained with her head bowed, and her bosom heaving with the wild emotion thus called up; but at length she looked up and spoke.

"Sir," she said, faintly, but with marked decision, "you cannot make me your wife."

"Ah?—and why not?"

"Because I will never consent."

"Ah—say ye so?"

"I do—and I mean it."

"Ha, ha, ha,—you know little of my power if you think you can thwart me in my purpose. I tell thee, as sure as the God of heaven lives, you shall be my wife!"

"No, no. Before heaven I protest against such unholy union. You cannot have my heart, and such union would be but foul mockery."

"Oho,—now you come to the point. I can't have your heart, eh? Perhaps your heart is given to the gun-maker?"

Rosalind's eyes flashed in an instant. The words of the Duke were spoken sneeringly and contemptuously, and they jarred upon the fair girl's soul.

"Aye," she quickly uttered, and boldly, too, "I do love Ruric Nevel; and he is worthy of my love."

"Now, my pretty ward," resumed Olga, in a tone of peculiar irony, "you have spoken as I hoped you would speak—plainly and to the point; so I can answer just as plainly. Know, then, that Ruric Nevel can never be your husband. He stands charged with a horrid crime, and the Emperor only waits to see whether the Count recovers or not ere he awards the punishment. The gun-maker is forbidden, on pain of death, to leave the city. So you may cast him from your thoughts as soon as possible."

"What crime is Ruric accused of?" the maiden asked.

"Of murder."

"In wounding the Count?"

"Yes."

"Oh, how can you bring your tongue to such speech? You know the noble youth was not to blame in this affair. He was——"

"Hold, Rosalind. I want no argument on this question. You have heard what I have said, and be assured that I mean it. I had hoped you would receive my proposal with more favor; but I did not enter into the plan until my mind was all made up, and the thing all fixed. You will become my wife within a month!"

"I will flee to the Emperor," gasped Rosalind.

"You will not leave this palace again until you are the *Duchess of Tula!*"

"I will never speak the word that is necessary to make me your wife—never! At the altar, if you be by my side, my lips shall be sealed, and no power on earth shall loose them!"

"Do you mean this?" whispered the Duke.

"As God lives, I do."

"Then mark me:" the stout, dark nobleman gazed fixedly into the maiden's face as he spoke, and in his look and tone there was a fiendish expression which could not be mistaken—"I shall do all in my power towards making you my lawful wife; but if you will not be this, then you shall be that other thing! Mine thou art, and shall be while we both do live. I'll own thee—I'll possess thy body, and I'll make thee a curse to thyself! If you will not speak that word—if you will not let the priest marry us as I have purposed, then you shall become what I have the power to make thee without the speaking of that mutual pledge. Mark me, for I am in earnest——"

Here the Duke arose and clenched his hands. His brow was marked with passion, and his lips were compressed. His eye burned with a fierce fire, and in every way did he look the man who stakes his soul, and defies Satan to the combat.

"Rosalind Valdai," he hissed, "my bed shall be your bed! My will shall be your master! My lust shall feed upon your charms, and your body shall only minister to my passions! I'll use thee—use thee as I list—and when I tire of thee I'll cast thee out into the streets for dogs to bark at; for men to sneer at; and for all honest women to shun! So will I do if you become not my wife! God in heaven witness!"

With one deep, soul-dying moan, the poor girl sank down shivering and pale. The Duke caught her as she fell, and having laid her senseless form back upon the couch, he strode from the apartment.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MASK FALLS LOWER DOWN, AND REVEALS THE HEART.

It was early evening ere Zenobie entered the apartment of her young mistress. As she opened the door she found all dark within. She moved into the room, and shading her candle with her hand she gazed about. The wind still howled fearfully without, and the snow came driving against the windows. When the girl had reached the extremity of the place she called her mistress's name, and she was answered by a low groan from the low couch in the corner. Thither she hastened, and there she found her mistress.

"Rosalind!—My mistress!" she cried, kneeling down.

"Who is it?" the maiden asked, starting up, and gazing frantically around.

"It is me—Zenobie. Say, my dear, good mistress—what is it? What is the matter? What has happened?"

With a quick movement Rosalind put her attendant away and sat up; and having gazed about her for some moments she murmured,—

"Where am I? who is here?"

"It is me. You are in your own chamber. Come,—you are cold here."

Without resistance the maiden suffered herself to be led to the place where the heated air came up from the furnace below, and there she sat down.

"What is it?" again asked Zenobie, eagerly. "What has happened?"

Rosalind bowed her head upon her hands, and after some moments of thought she looked up. She was very pale, and a fearful tremor shook her frame.

"Zenobie," she uttered, in a low, strange whisper. "Ask me no more now. I am not well. Oh! ask me no more now."

"My mistress," returned the faithful girl, placing one arm about Rosalind's neck, "you know what you may tell me, and what you may not; but whom will you trust if you trust not me? Oh! give me your love, and if I can serve you let me do so."

"I would trust you with life itself," the maiden returned; "and sometime you shall know all that has happened here; but not now—not now. Oh! I cannot speak it now."

"Say no more, my mistress; only let me serve you. You will have some refreshment—something to eat."

"You may bring me some wine, Zenobie."

And thereupon the young girl hastened away.

In the meantime the duke was in his private room below. He was pacing to and fro across the floor with his hands behind him, and his brow was dark and lowering. Ever and anon he would stop near the door and listen, and then proceed. At length there came a rap upon the door, and the Duke said, "Enter." It was a priest who entered the apartment—a small, deformed man, somewhere about fifty years of age. His face was very dark; his features sharp and angular; his eyes dark, and sunken deep into his head; his brow heavy above the eyes, where the shaggy brows hung over, but sloping back from thence, leaving the points where phrenologists locate Benevolence and Veneration deficient and flat. Upon his shoulders he wore a huge, ungainly hump; and, all in all, he was just such a man as a timid person would shun. His name was Savotano. The Duke had been the means of getting him into the church, and in consideration thereof he had bound himself to do the Duke's evil work. But this is not all.

Some years before there had been a murder in Moscow, and Savotano did the bloody deed. It was a work of pure vengeance. Olga had him apprehended; but he was not brought to justice. The Duke found him to be a shrewd, unscrupulous wretch, willing to serve those who would pay him well, and ready to let himself then to any one who could save his life. Olga was a man of plots and schemes. He fancied that such a man as Savotano might be of use to him; so he proposed to save him if he would serve his benefactor. The villain was glad enough to accept the proposition, and the bargain was made. Could Savotano enter the church, and assume the sacred garb, he might in many cases work to better advantage. The wretch readily agreed to this, too; and through Olga's powerful influence he gained a place in the church. He knew that the Duke held his very life, and he failed not serve him. His clerical robes shielded him from much of suspicion; and, moreover, the place gave him additional advantages to work at his diabolical trade. His salary from government was sufficient for his support, while an occasional sum from his master enabled him to enjoy many of those luxuries which were denied to most of his brethren. Olga feared not to trust this man, for the fellow had nothing to gain by betrayal, but everything to lose.

And such was the man who now entered the Duke's private room. He entered with a bold air, for though he was somewhat in the Duke's power, yet there was a peculiar satisfaction in knowing that when he fell the noble lord must fall with him, part way, at least. Brethren in crime cannot count much upon respect.

"I have come, my lord," the priest said, as he shook the snow from his robe, and then took a seat by the furnace-pipe.

"And how is the Count?" asked Olga.

"He is recovering, I am sure."

"Does Kopani say so?"

"Yes. He says he will have him out within a month."

"By heavens, Savotano, this must not be."

"But tell me, my lord, what is the particular need of the Count's departing?"

The Duke gazed his visiter a few moments in the face, and then he said,—

"Why, since the affair interests you, I'll tell you. Thus far I have paid you promptly all your dues, but I cannot do so much longer unless we can make some of our points work. My property is on the decrease fast. I have not enough left to live on. Within the past three years I have made some bad ventures. I put into——But never mind,—suffice it for me to say that I am at the end of my fortune."——

——The Duke was about to say that he had placed large sums in the hands of the Minister Galitzin for the purpose of carrying out the conspiracy by which the Princess Sophia was to have been placed upon the throne, with Galitzin for her prime minister, and himself also high in power. He chose not to tell of this—and no wonder, for heads had ere then been taken to pay for such indiscretions.

——"And now if this Count survives I thus have one source cut off. My half of Drotzen is used up and mortgaged to him, but if he dies the whole comes to me. His father and myself married sisters, and they owned Drotzen, and on his side the Count is the only heir; so in the event of his death the whole comes to me. You understand this now."

"Perfectly," returned the priest. "And 'tis a pity your first effort did not succeed."

"So it is," said the Duke, uneasily. "When I sent him with that message to the gun-maker I felt sure he would be slain, and then I hoped that the other could be disposed of for having slain him. But the Emperor has turned all my plans upside down, for the present, at least. Savotano, you must have a hand in Damonoff's medicine!"

"That is easily done, my lord," replied the priest, quietly.

"You have free access there?"

"Yes."

"And can you not watch with him some night?"

"I think I can."

"Then do so. When he is dead two hundred ducats are yours."

"Then he dies!"

"Good!——And now there is one more. This gun-maker must be got out of the way."

"Ah," uttered Savotano, looking up incredulously. "Do you mean so?"

"Most assuredly I do."

"But why him?"

"Do you fear to undertake the work?"

"Not at all, my lord; I only wished to know why he was wanted away."

"The reason is simple. I must marry with Rosalind Valdai. Her property is worth the whole of Drotzen twice told—over two million of ducats."

"So much?" uttered the priest, opening his eyes with greedy wonder.

"Yes,—it is one of the finest estates in Moscow, and it pays her now a yearly income of a hundred thousand ducats. She does not know it.—Ha, ha, ha——"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the priest in concert. "She don't, eh?"

"No—she knows nothing about it. But I must secure this; and in order to do it I must marry her; and—if I would be *sure* of that, this accursed gun-maker must be out of the way."

"But what is he to her?"

"She loves him."

"And is not your authority——"

"Hold, Savotano. I'll explain to you in a few words. I'm afraid the Emperor has taken a fancy to this youngster, and if he has he may be appealed to in this case. The girl will take marriage hard. I shall have to hire you to perform the ceremony."

"Which I should be pleased to do," returned the priest, with a coarse smile.

"You shall have the opportunity. But first we must have this young Nevel taken care of."

"I think I can manage that, my lord."

"And how will you do it?"

"I suppose you don't want him put where he can get off and come back here."

"No. Finish him while you are about it!"

"I will."

"But mind: It must be done so that in no possible way suspicion can fall upon me. You must contrive some way so that suspicion shall be led at once to some apparent point, and there baffled."

"Leave me alone for that, my lord. I can call help if I want it."

"Are there not places in the city where a body can be hidden?—where they may be so disposed of as never to be found?" asked the Duke, as the thought came to his mind.

"Never mind," returned the other, with a confident nod of the head. "If I meddle with the matter it shall be well done."

"Very well. I'll trust it with you."

For a few moments after this there was a dead silence, during which only the moaning of the wind could be heard. But at length the Duke started up, and with sudden energy he said,—

"Ah, Savotano, there is one thing I came nigh forgetting. You have heard of this strange monk—Valdimir his name is."

"Aye—and I have seen him, too. You mean that huge lump of human fat?"

"Yes. And now tell me who and what he is. He was at the duel; and I know he has been here to my house, Who is he?"

"You've secured me there, my lord, for I can tell you no more about him than I can about the man in the moon. In short no one seems to know him, save that he is a monk, of some Roman order, and named Valdimir. He has been here only a few months, as near as I can find out. And yet I think I know what his business is; or, at least, why he's here."

"Ah—you suspect."

"Yes—and if my suspicions be correct we could have him taken care of at any moment."

"Explain."

"Why—I think he is a spy of the Pope—sent here from Rome to learn something of our Emperor's plans."

"But he has not visited the imperial palace."

"O, yes, my lord. He has been there several times; and once the Emperor himself was obliged to send him out of the audience chamber."

"But have you any particular reasons for thinking him a spy from the Pope?"

"Why—he is a Romish monk; and he hangs about the most important places in our city. Even the circumstance I have just related—his trying to remain in the audience chamber while private business was going on, and having to be ordered out by the Emperor, is some ground for suspicion. I mean to watch him, at all events."

"That's right," returned the Duke. And then, after a moment's thought, he added,—"I do not see why he should be around after every petty duel that may be fought, if he is a spy from Rome. And besides, I have heard one or two persons say that they were sure they had seen him before."

"O, that may be only the result of some strong resemblance which he bears to some one else. I am sure he was never here before—not in Moscow."

Again the hump-backed priest was cautioned about the work he had in hand, and having promised over and over again to be very careful, he took his leave.

And Olga, Duke of Tula, was left alone with his own thoughts. Better for him had that wicked priest been his executioner! Better for him had he been upon the Count's bed, racked with dying pains! Better for him had he been a poor gun-maker, so he had been honest! Oh! better for him had he been the meanest beggar that walked the earth, than what he was! But he did not realize this. He had a goal ahead, and he tried to overlook the black, dreadful gulf that yawned between him and it!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

LOOK ABOUT YOU.

How many persons there are who plod on their daily routine of life, never varying either their mode of living, or changing their residence from one year's end to another. The fact is, however, if one would keep pace with his fellows he must look about him, and step out of the regular routine now and then to pick up a stray wild-flower by the way side, noting some new beauty here, or some extraordinary phenomenon there. We would not have a man sacrifice his home, relations, or his domestic character, but we would have him look about him carefully, and often. It enlarges the mind to vary the scene now and then; it is a sort of mental necessity to give the eyes a peep at some new phase of life, some fresh scenery and locality, once in a while. Go into the country or on the sea-shore, ye who breathe the air only in passing from your counting houses to your town residence, day after day, week after week, through the same streets and alleys! You will come with renewed vigor and a more cheerful heart to your work again, and do that which is to be done with better zest and satisfaction.

THE PLEASURE OF KNOWLEDGE.

The eye does not follow its appointed purpose if it be not employed in looking at the objects which may be presented to it. It is beautifully adapted to the sunlight which is provided for it. The eye is made for the light, and the light for the eye. As is light to the eye, so is knowledge to the mind. The mind does not fulfil its end, if it be not supplied with correct ideas. It is as capable of receiving ideas as the eye is of conveying them, or the impressions out of which ideas are made. All healthful minds admit of improvement, and that, perhaps, to an indefinite degree. It is an error to imagine for a moment that some minds may not be enlarged and beautified. If the mind be sane, it is not only possible to nourish and expand it, but it is easy to do so. If the senses are at all exercised, the mind must also necessarily be to some extent unfolded. The eye will receive impressions, and the ear will catch sounds, and transmit the result to the mind. This is a law of man's mental constitution, as necessary as any thing can be. The inevitable condition of the mind is, that it shall be affect- for good, or for evil, in proportion as the senses are wrought upon by external objects.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION IN A COW.—A Scotch paper states that one of the small tenants in the county of Sutherland having a cow swollen with over-eating turnips, the manager of the landlord probed the animal, and as he performed the operation the farmer's wife stood over him with a lighted candle. The heated air or gas from the cow took fire at the candle, and blazed up, to the no small astonishment of the parties. It was with difficulty extinguished, without doing material injury.

CHARACTER.—Men are to be estimated, as Johnson says, by the mass of character. A block of tin may have a grain of silver, but still it is tin; and a block of silver may have an alloy of tin, but still it is silver. The mass of Elijah's character was excellence, yet he was not without alloy. The mass of Jehu's character was base, yet he had a portion of zeal which was directed by God's great ends. Bad men are made the same use of as scaffolds; they are employed as means to erect a building and then are taken down and destroyed.

ALL ABOUT "SAM."

BY ONE OF HIS CHILDREN.

Such a "Sam" no one was ever unfortunate enough to know but me. He's good-looking, fascinating, provoking, tormenting, and every other "ing" you can imagine. Such eyes, such teeth, such a moustache, such lips, and such a way of using them! It's tantalizing to think of, and then remember what a foolish idea it is to waste love on him!

Sam has a heart! Oh, certainly. In these enlightened days, every one is furnished with that appendage, if it is ever so small. Sam's is a "patent," and made out of the hardest piece of the "nether millstone." It would be grand to pound on, and if he was only a druggist, Nature would have provided him with the most indestructible of mortars!

Sam don't believe in much of anything except the depravity of human nature in general, and me in particular. If I feel particularly affectionate and kiss him, he says I'm "a sarpent;" if I look as well as I know how, and try to be peculiarly agreeable, he hints that if I had lived in the days of the Salem witchcraft, I should have been made *steak* of; if I write him a decently good-natured letter, he says it is all "gammon" from beginning to end; and if I send him a "blood and thunder" epistle, commencing very coolly "Dear Sir," I don't hear the last of it for the next six months. He's as slippery as an eel, and has as many sides as a prison; and if any one knows when or how to take him, they're welcome to, for I'm entirely tired of trying!

I saw Sam not long ago, and as we parted I said, *very* amiably, "I shall hear from you soon, my dear?" "Oh, yes," was the reply; "certainly, as soon as I get home, of course."

Do you suppose I was fool enough to believe it? I knew as well as he did, that he wouldn't write, and didn't watch the mails at all. Sure enough, the days and weeks have gone by, and not a word from Sam! I suppose the depraved creature actually supposes I've been sitting on pins and needles all this time! Not a bit of it! I'm older and wiser than I was three years ago, and all the Sams this side of Jordan might elope without drawing a tear from me.

But it's provoking—one can't deny that. Provoking, not so much in this particular instance, as in all. Provoking that a woman can't be allowed to like a man, if she don't love him; provoking that we are all so false and worldly, that we cry "wolf" so often to each other as never to be believed at last; and worse than provoking that all the exalted sentiments between the two sexes, are only things we "read of."

Well, it can't be helped, and I'm too much of a philosopher to cry for "spilt milk." But I don't mean to be bamboozled any longer. I've a strong idea of matrimony—not for myself—("catch a weasel asleep!") but for Sam. I think it would take the nonsense out of him completely; and in the course of time, after his wife had grown ugly and snappish as women always do, and used up a few broomsticks and parasol handles about him, and kept him rocking cradles (two on each side) till ten o'clock, every blessed night for five or ten years, he would come to his senses, be good for something, and see that I was about the best friend he had after all.

I wonder if "Caroline" would accept the situation of lion tamer.

I believe I have about as much patience as the law allows, but Sam and his brother bipeds have used up the stock completely. I wouldn't have the least objection to setting them all a blaze, (with the exception of our Ledger Editor, who is as prompt and punctual as an eight-day clock, and as pleasant as a May morning,) so Sam might get a good thorough singeing.

I have just one ray of comfort left, and that—thank the fates! is quite a bright one. Sam isn't the only one of the family; he has a brother, only a shade less provoking. If he was anywhere in kissing distance, I'd have him out on Broadway for an afternoon promenade tomorrow, but I must wait awhile first. When he comes, as he shall, if I have to go South after him, you'll see what I will do, and how straight we'll march towards Trinity Church, and get acquainted with the Bishop. Meantime, when Sam sees this, as I know he will, because the LEDGER goes everywhere, he is respectfully requested to tremble in his boots and prepare for the time when he will be sent for to play the part of *bridesmaid* to brother Jack and I!

I can imagine just how he'll laugh when he reads this! The aggravating thing won't even let me have the pleasure of tormenting him. Oh, for the days of the Inquisition, especially as the hot weather is coming on! It would be *so* nice to put Sam into "thumb screws" in the month of July, and grill him under a burning sun till he promised better fashions!

There goes my ink! I might have known it would upset if I began to write about him! Well, as I said before, it can't be helped, and I can only console myself by keeping cool, eating ice-cream, and oranges, writing for the LEDGER and smacking my lips over the way things will fly when brother Jack gets home!

MAKING EACH OTHER UNCOMFORTABLE.—There is so much insincerity and formality in the pleasurable department of human life—especially in social pleasures—that instead of a bloom, there is a slime upon it, which deadens and corrupts the thing. One of the most comical sights, to superior beings, must be to see two human creatures, with elaborate speech and gestures, making each other exquisitely uncomfortable from civility; the one pressing what he is most anxious that the other should not accept, and the other accepting only from the fear of giving offence by refusal.

MODESTY AND VANITY.

Wisely said the famous thinker of old, that "there is oftentimes as great vanity in retiring and withdrawing men's conceits from the world, as in publishing them;" and extreme vanity does sometimes borrow the garb of an ultra-modesty. When I see people haunted by the idea of self, afraid to speak lest they should not be listened to; spreading their hands before their faces, as if the wide world were to them only a French drawing-room, panelled with looking-glasses; always fussily putting this obtrusive self behind them, or dragging over it a scanty drapery of consciousness, miscalled modesty; always on the defence against compliments, which is as great an error as, and a far more vulgar error than mistaking flattery for sympathy; when I have seen this, (and how often have I seen it, allied with power and talent!) I have been inclined to attribute it to immaturity of character—to a sort of childishness, or, what is worse, a want of innate integrity and simplicity. It seems to me that, instead of stopping to calculate the little or the much we can do, we should all, according to the diversity of the gifts which God has bestowed, bring the best that is in us, and lay it a reverent offering on the altar of humanity, to burn and enlighten, or if that may not be, at least to rise in incense to heaven.

FRENCH PLUM-PUDDING.

The French cannot make a plum-pudding, any more than they can be good husbands and wives, or good fathers and mothers. In fact it is against the grain of their genius, and it is idle to look for such a luxury in its primitive integrity from the hands of a French cook. And even when they have done their very best to master the ingredients, they are apt to spoil the result by a blunder of some kind. It is recorded of St. Louis, or Henry Quatre, or some other Gallican monarch, that being anxious to pay a compliment to the English Ambassador on Christmas-day, he ordered a grand plum-pudding to be got ready for dinner. The utmost attention was bestowed upon its preparation, and nothing was omitted to render it complete—except the cloth in which it ought to have been boiled. The consequence was that, instead of presenting the compactness and solidity essential to its character, it was served up, like soup, in immense tureens, and bore a close resemblance to stewed peas. The ambassador could hardly repress his astonishment, but with the good breeding of a courtier declared that it was excellent!

COLOR OF THE SEA.

The general color of the sea is a deep bluish green, which becomes clearer towards the coasts. This color is thought by some to arise from the same cause as the azure sky; it is probable that the former is due to the rays of blue light being reflected in the greatest quantity from the particles of the air. The other colors exhibited in parts of the sea depend on causes which are local, and sometimes deceptive. The Mediterranean, in its upper part, is said to have at times a purple tint. In the Gulf of Guinea the sea is white; around the Maldive Islands it is black; and in some places it has been observed to be red. These appearances are probably occasioned by vast numbers of minute marine insects, by the nature of the soil, or by the infusion of certain earthy substances in the water. The green and yellow shades of the sea proceed frequently from the existence of marine vegetables at or near the surface.

THE SEED OF CRIME.

Amid much that is exalted, we have, unhappily, forming a class by itself, a literature of the most debasing kind. It does not contain a single element of mental greatness or splendor. It is gross, sensual, and revolutionary. It says: "There is no God." It savors of perdition. And its influence is potent. It reaches far and spreads wide. It seldom enters a drawing-room; it is excluded from the pure precincts of "the family parlor;" but it lies on the wet and sloppy table of the grog-shop—is carried in the pocket of the 'prentice lad—finds a hiding place in the drawer of the poor pale milliner—nestles on the greasy pillow of the mechanic who slumbers away the Sabbath morn, and penetrates to every resort of vice and impurity.

LIP THOUGHTS.

Thoughts that are eternally on one's lips are like straws on water; they rest upon the surface, and are prominent to all but the utterly blind, but they are too light to remain any where, and float down the stream of society till they pass away, without leaving the slightest remembrance behind. But the inward reflections of the soul are like the rocks in the bosom of the ocean, they are permanent, and never exhibit themselves but to those who dive deeply; but, when once discovered, they stamp themselves in our memory until we are willing to persuade ourselves that they are absolutely necessary, as so many beacons to warn us from the shoals of error.

☞ "MARY" wishes to know if we do not think it wrong for ladies to kiss each other in the street, "especially as the men make such a fuss about it." We think it is perfectly right for ladies to kiss each other in the street or anywhere else, nor do we believe the men make any fuss about it at all; on the contrary, we believe they would cordially unite with ladies in having the thing well done.

THE RANGE OF THE HUMAN VOICE.—There are about nine perfect tones, but 17,592,186,044,415 different sounds; thus, 14 direct muscles, alone or together, produce 16,383; 30 indirect muscles, ditto, 173,741,823, and all cooperating produce the number we have named, and these independently of different degrees of intensity.

GOD'S WORLD WORTHY OF OUR LOVE.

BY SHELDON SHADWICK.

God's world is worthy of our love,
Were kindly deeds done to each other,
Were creeds and castes blown to the winds,
And man in man beheld a brother;
A world of beauty, bloom and song,
Would each exert his noble powers
To plough the stubborn globe of wrong,
And plant again Love's Eden flowers.

God's world is worthy of our love,
With all its sorrow, crime, and madness;
And Heaven or Hell dwells in the heart,
As man exists in grief and gladness.
Man will be better, better loved;
No heart was ever lost by kindness;
One word of mercy might have saved
Souls that, like beacons, sunk in blindness.

God's world is worthy of our love,
If Labour did its fruits inherit;
If Blood ne'er ruled instead of Brains,
And Wealth ne'er placed its heel on Merit.
That nobler name than king or lord—
The name of Man—Oh! guard and cherish;
And Freedom's sacred lands shall live,
When guilty thrones and crowns shall perish.

God's world is worthy of our love,
When joy, like music, thrills heart chords;
When smiling lips do arch their bow,
And in the heart loose golden words.
The heaven we pray for would be here,
If each would bravely do his part
To crown with joy one cheerless home,
To crown with love one human heart.

THE VICTIM OF SUSPICION;

OR,

THE STORY OF MYRTLE BRANCH.

BY MRS. MARY C. VAUGHAN.

CHAPTER I.

"And so you are to leave us to-morrow, Myrtie? All the light and sunshine of our home and hearts will go with you, darling. How shall we live without our song-bird?"

"But, papa, it will not be so very long before I come to you again. Try to be happy, dear papa, and the months will fly away oh, so swiftly, and then Myrtie will be at home once more, and perhaps never, never to leave you and mamma again."

Myrtle, or as she was usually called Myrtie, Branch spoke these words in a cheerful tone; in which in spite of all her efforts there was a little tremulous quaver of suppressed grief. Her blind father, as he sat with his hand resting upon her brown curls, detected it although he could not see the tears which rose up to her dark eyes, and the two pearly drops which brimmed over and hung upon their long lashes.

He sighed deeply and turned away in silence. Oh! how gladly would he have retained his darling beneath the roof tree of his humble home. He knew that he should miss her light step and her cheerful and most sweet voice, her affectionate caresses and her tender care. A desolation, second only to that which rested down upon his soul with the first knowledge of his blindness, would follow her departure who had been the light of his eyes while he could look upon her, and the joy of his heart in all his days of darkness.

Mr. Branch had been a successful and prosperous merchant. Fortune had smiled upon him for years, and life had been pleasant, and full of a serene and quiet joy. His home was blessed with a loving wife and two beautiful children, whom, as they grew up, he carefully trained and educated.

The cup of his joy seemed full. He was looking forward to the near approach of the time when he could retire from business and, with ample wealth, spend the remainder of his days in quiet repose, when he suddenly received a call to leave his home for a short period, to attend to affairs of great moment. On arriving at his place of destination he found these affairs much involved, and learned that, through the inefficiency or dishonesty of a trusted agent, heavy losses were likely to follow. The harassing and perplexing nature of this business aggravated a slight illness caused by the fatigue and exposure of his sudden journey. He was stricken down, and, long before the period when he had contemplated the satisfactory adjustment of his affairs, he lay raving in delirium, abandoned to the tender mercies of strange physicians and hired nurses, and the discomforts of a large hotel.

Weeks passed before he was sufficiently recovered to be removed to his home. Here, as health returned, he perceived by his failing vision, the burning pains which traversed his eyeballs, and the mist which seemed to interpose between them and all objects, that disease had attacked the citadel of the sense of sight. Again was the aid of physicians invoked, but in vain. His disease was daily aggravated by the news of fresh losses. His disastrous journey had failed of its purpose, and his long illness and consequent inability to manage his extensive transactions, had led to similar losses at home. "Misfortunes seldom come singly," and the hour in which Mr. Branch first learned from his physician that his blindness was hopelessly incurable, also brought him tidings of the final crash which swallowed up the whole fair structure of his fortunes, and left him scarcely more than a homeless beggar.

He might, perhaps, have borne these accumulated trials with uncomplaining fortitude had the blow fallen upon himself alone. But upon his delicate and sickly wife, upon his son just entered with proud prospects upon a collegiate course, upon his beautiful Myrtie, in all the brilliant gaiety of early youth, it had also descended. They, too, to whom poverty was but a word, must now encounter its harsh reality.

The family at once gave up their splendid home. They removed to a cottage, in the suburbs of the city where they had so long lived in luxury, and fitted it up with the utmost economy. By the aid of friends the remaining fragments of their once splendid fortune were gathered together, and it was found that an income sufficient to supply them with the necessaries of life could be secured. But James must leave college, and Myrtie give up her masters.

At this crisis Myrtie had her proposition to make. The petted child, for whom every one had thought and cared, now proved herself a woman, quick in resource, and ready for sacrifices. She had been a passionate lover of music from her childhood, and had been tutored by the best masters. She was strong in the belief of her ability to impart a knowledge of her favorite science. She would teach music, and, by her exertions, James should be sustained through the remainder of his collegiate course, and until he had acquired the profession which would enable him not only to provide for all his own wants, but to rebuild the fortunes of his ruined family.

It is sufficient to say that the scheme was bitterly opposed, at first, by all, and especially by James, who shrunk from the thought of benefiting by his sister's labor; but her perseverance finally overruled all objections, and a reluctant consent was given.

For a time Myrtie obtained pupils in her native city, but her employment proving precarious and unprofitable, as well as most wearisome, she, by the advice of a friend, advertised for the situation of teacher of music in a school. As the consequence of this advertisement she had many applications, and, after carefully canvassing their several merits, she finally accepted a situation in a seminary about two hundred miles from her home. A large salary was offered her, and a home in the family of the Principal of the Institution, a clergyman of high reputation. It was very sad to contemplate the first parting from her parents, and the first absence from home. It was hard to leave her feeble mother, and her blind father, even to the care of the attached servant who had followed them, faithful even amidst their poverty. But her great purpose was to be fulfilled, and she had strengthened herself for every needed sacrifice.

It was the evening previous to her departure that, as she sat upon the low stool at her father's feet, and, for the last time, laid her head upon his knee that the conversation which opened this sketch took place. Myrtie had always been fondly attached to her father, and the severest of all her parting pangs was the thought of leaving him. Long the two sat there, talking in broken phrases, while the mother sobbed upon her sofa till in her feebleness she fell asleep like a grieved child. The twilight came, and then night deepened, as they sat. To the blind man the light and the darkness were alike, and even in the brightest sunshine he could not have seen the silent tears which Myrtie shed that night.

All the parting words were said, the parting advice given, and then Myrtie conquering, as well as she was able, the emotions which lent a tremor to her tone, sang in her glorious voice the Evening Hymn. The mother roused from her slumber, joined her feeble notes, and the blind man's deeper bass united in the wonderful harmony. Then the last good night was said, and Myrtie went to seek her last peaceful sleep beneath the humble roof of that cottage home.

Next morning, at an early hour, the final adieux were said, amidst sobs and loving words. It was a younger arm than her father's which assisted Myrtie into the coach, which stood waiting to convey her from her home, and there was a tremulous pressure of a younger hand, and a voice whose rich tones neither age nor grief had marred, spoke the last farewell. Then the blind man heard the roll of the wheels which conveyed his darling far away.

CHAPTER II.

Myrtie was in her new home—a strange unaccustomed scene. She had been educated at home, and the routine of a large school was entirely novel to her. So were the hoydenish manners of the pupils, so freely indulged in, the moment the teachers' eyes were removed. The bustle and the constant succession of new faces, for many days after her arrival, fatigued her extremely, and she was only content in her little room at her new home. Perhaps her love of solitude offended Mrs. Bowers, the wife of the Principal, who was a gossip in a very refined and dignified way, and would gladly have gathered from the new music-teacher all the news of the school—what pupils had arrived—to what distinguished families they belonged—whether they dressed plainly, or their parents were extravagant enough to provide them with rich clothing. But Myrtie knew nothing about these things, and had she known, would not have cared to make them a subject of conversation. So she shut herself in her room, and thought of home, and wrote letters, and sometimes came down with her brilliant eyes dim and heavy with unshed tears.

Mrs. Bowers was a mother, but she never dreamed of acting a mother's part by the lonely girl; she never inquired into her sorrows, or offered her sympathy. But she told her husband that, though "Miss Branch might be a good music-teacher, she was a proud, sullen thing, and she was sorry that she had put herself to the trouble of boarding her."

As to Mr. Bowers, he tacitly acquiesced in Mrs. B.'s opinion, for he knew nothing of the music-teacher. She was in his eyes only a machine for hammering into the heads of his pupils some comprehension of music, or guiding their refractory fingers over the keys of the pianoforte and organ, or the strings of the variously-named instruments which were provided for that purpose. He received so much a head for her pupils, and paid her the smallest possible amount for her services. He never entered the music-room, but, as he heard discordant sounds issuing thence, and from the various pianofortes scattered about the Institution, at all hours of the day, he took it for granted that she was fulfilling her part of the contract.

Thus the amiable couple, though they gave Myrtie a sufficient quantity of good food, and a comfortable room, and a very nice bed, never thought of providing for her that mental or spiritual aliment, for which she was literally starving, nor of inviting her to repose in their kindly sympathy. Very cold, and hard, and honorable were they, fulfilling scrupulously the *letter* of the law, but neglecting its beautiful *spirit* of kindness; so that they might well have "entertained an angel unawares," and have seen their visitor depart, all unconscious of the blessing which had passed unheeded.

But Myrtie was not one to yield weakly to depression. Her gay young spirit, unbroken by all her sorrows, yet retained its joyous elasticity. She found friends among the pupils, many of them as old, perhaps older, than herself, and there were sometimes shouts of merry laughter heard proceeding from that once stately and formal music-room. Sometimes the tympanum of the Principal, himself, caught these unhallowed sounds, as they floated through the great building, but the moment the awful creak of his boots resounded through the corridor, the sound was hushed, and only the monotonous drumming of some tired pupil broke the stillness.

Such were Myrtie's terrible short comings at home, and in school, but she, sweet child, was utterly ignorant of all. Mr. and Mrs. Bowers had never been more than scrupulously polite to her. Her heart had seemed frozen the moment she entered their doors, and it had never thawed. So that when they became colder and more freezing in deportment, she was all unconscious of the change.

At length it was suddenly announced to her that Mrs. Bowers could no longer give her a home, and that a room had been fitted up for her accommodation at the Seminary boarding-house. Any change was a relief, and Myrtie cheerfully made her preparations for removal, although secretly wondering at its necessity.

Here, surrounded by the pupils, the remainder of the term was spent. Her task was wearisome and trying, but her patience and gentleness won even the most refractory, and, never in the history of the Institution, had its pupils made such rapid progress in music as under her teaching.

Myrtie had been engaged for six months, with the prospect of a longer engagement, if her mode of tuition and success were found sufficient to warrant. At the close of this long term a public examination was to be held, and Myrtie's talent was to be called into requisition, not only to prepare her pupils for an exhibition of their progress, but to add to the entertainment of visitors. Several very busy weeks preceded this examination, and Myrtie worked gaily, for she felt that she had succeeded even beyond her expectations, and that a re-engagement was certain. And, beyond that, was the pleasant prospect of a visit to her home during the vacation, of meeting her brother James, and of pouring into his hands the proceeds of her six months' cheerful toil.

The examination days came, and everything passed off with *eclat*. Mytie's pupils, in particular, distinguished themselves, and the gratitude of their parents and guardians, and the commendations of the Trustees of the Institution were showered upon the successful teacher. Only Mr. Bowers maintained a solemn silence. But Myrtie was so accustomed to that mode of procedure, on the part of the reverend Principal, that it caused her no fears.

At length the examination was over. Bills were paid, invitations given and received, girlish love tokens exchanged, and partings said. One by one the pupils departed until Myrtie was left almost alone in the great deserted boarding house. Her trunks were packed, and all her preparations for the homeward journey made, and Myrtie only waited for the decision upon her re-engagement and the payment of her salary to bid adieu to the "Academic shades."

At length they came—Mr. Bowers, pompous in dignity and shining, clerical black, and two of the Trustees, and behind them walked a rusty-looking personage, whom, as we saw the procession coming up the gravel-walk, we could hardly believe to be an integral portion of it.

I had been Myrtie's pupil, and was her friend. As our homeward route lay in the same direction, I proposed travelling with her, and only waited like her, the result of this important interview. Thus I sat in Myrtie's room when the summons came.

"Mr. Bowers, and some gintlemin to see Miss Branch if yees plaze."

Myrtie sprang up, a bright smile gleaming over her face and lighting up her dark eyes. Her sole thought was that now, as soon as this interview was over, she could go home; and humming a brilliant roulade, she went lightly down the long stairs, turning back to give me one of her archest glances as I whispered to her "not to be afraid of the Dons."

Taking up a book, as soon as she had gone, I commenced reading, but scarcely had I turned the first page when there came a knock at the door. I rose and opened it, and started back in astonishment when I beheld the sinister-looking individual who had followed the Seminary dignitaries into the house.

"Is this Miss Branch's room said he.

"It is," said I, "but what do you wish for?"

"Only that you should tell me which are her trunks," the man returned, with an ugly grin.

Supposing he had come to convey them to the coach office, or, at least, to the hall below, I of course pointed them out. When, judge of my astonishment at seeing him produce Myrtie's keys from his pocket, and deliberately proceed to open the nearest trunk.

"What are you doing, man, and where did you get those keys?" I almost screamed.

Again that grin.

"Don't be frightened, Miss. I'm only going to search these trunks by vartue of this little peice of paper," and he produced from a greasy wallet a search-warrant, and proceeded to inform me that Miss Branch had been suspected of purloining articles belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Bowers, while in their family, for which reason they had removed her to the boarding house, and added that Mrs. Bowers would be there presently to identify any property belonging to her which might be found. Accordingly, scarcely had he ceased speaking, than that portly lady presented herself at the door.

With a slight bow to me, she seated herself in the chair from which I had risen, and watched the constable as he turned out of Myrtie's trunks every article of their contents. Very smilingly she looked on while he unfolded dresses and robes, unrolled hose and ribbons, peered between the leaves of books and into the envelopes of letters, tumbled delicate laces and rummaged every nook of every little casket filled with parting gifts, or tokens of affection.

My impulse was to fly to Myrtie, who, poor child, I knew was undergoing an ordeal which might crush a nature so sensitive as hers, and must well-nigh drive it to madness. But I stood in such awe of the dignified inquisitors that I dared not intrude upon them, and besides I wanted to enjoy Mrs. Bower's defeat and perplexity, for I *knew* that Myrtie was no thief, and that she would come out of this terrible persecution triumphant.

And I was right. Not an article was found that Mrs. Bowers dared claim as her own, though she insinuated doubts as to whether some of the trinkets found had not once belonged to absent pupils.

But at last she was gone, though not without informing me that Mr. Bowers had written that Morning to Mr. Branch, and to the pastor of her church, who had recommended Myrtie warmly to the Trustees, informing them of his suspicions. Here was the climax of their meanness, and, although I had almost bitten my tongue through in my efforts to keep silence until now, I could no longer restrain myself.

"It seems to me, madam," I said, "that Mr. Bowers would have done well had he waited until certain of the guilt or innocence of Miss Branch before writing to her father and pastor. And now that it appears that his suspicions were unfounded I hope he will at once write again to undo, as far as possible, the harm already done. It is also very strange that Miss Branch, if suspected of such acts, should have been sent here where articles of value were constantly strown about with school-girl carelessness, and that under such circumstances she should have been allowed, without investigation, to retain her place until the close of the term.'

"It is not for a child, like you," replied the lady, with added dignity and scorn, "to judge the motives of Mr. Bowers. We are satisfied of having acted rightly, and that is quite enough."

She sailed from the room, which the constable had before relieved of his presence, and I was again left alone with all the scattered and rumpled contents of Myrtie's trunk lying about me. At first I employed myself in rearranging them. But anxiety for Myrtie would not let me remain quiet, and locking the door I stole down the stairs whence I could hear Mrs. Bowers' shrill tone, with now and then a plaintive word from poor Myrtie, and sometimes the deeper sound of a man's voice.

"Old Jezebel! I exclaimed, "has she not tormented that poor girl enough?"

But I had scarcely uttered the words when I heard a heavy fall upon the floor, and a hurried moving of chairs and tread of feet.

"They have killed her at last," I said, and the next moment, all fear forgotten, I stood beside my friend.

Myrtie lay upon the floor in a deathlike swoon, pale, and cold, and still. I raised her head, and with the aid of the two Trustees, and some of the inmates of the house, conveyed her to her room. Mrs. Bowers followed, looking very sympathetic, but I shut the door after having with the air of an empress, as I fancied, ordered her to send for a physician who "might be of some service if she had not quite murdered Miss Branch."

I believe the woman was frightened into a little humility and self-reproach, for she went away without a word, and presently a physician came. By his aid, and that of our kind landlady, the poor victim was revived. We placed her on her little white bed, and there, the whole of that long afternoon, she lay moaning and weeping as if her poor heart would break. Her great sorrow was that her father and the good minister should have been informed of the baseless suspicions which had rested upon her, and her great anxiety to return at once and assure them that she was innocent.

I repacked the trunks, and early the next morning Myrtie left the Seminary forever. I accompanied her within a few miles of her home, and there left her to pursue her journey, alone, not without some fears, so pale, and wan, and utterly nerveless did she seem.

I never saw Myrtie again. The terrible tidings had reached her home before her arrival, and she found her parents overwhelmed with grief; not that they believed the tale, but that they could well foresee what a shadow, even a breath of suspicion, might cast over her young life. They welcomed her with joy to the roof they would she should never leave again. A long illness followed her return, and she hovered for days upon the brink of the grave. At length she came slowly back to life and sorrow.

The old pastor, though a good man, sometimes erred in judgment. He had disclosed the contents of the letter received from Mr. Bowers, which was full of vague insinuations, and by the time that Myrtie was once more approaching health, the sad story, with a thousand additions and emendations, had circulated through the whole city. Her lover heard and believed, and a cold note informed her that "she was free, for, though he would not permit himself to believe the reports in circulation, his wife, like Cæsar's, must be above suspicion."

Myrtie only answered by sending back his letters and all the long cherished mementoes of early love. But the sunlight had faded from her life-path, and she drooped like a withered flower. She grew weaker and weaker day by day, and more ethereal, until at length, she passed away and went home to a world where grief and trials never come. Very soon her blind father followed her; and the feeble mother was left alone in the cottage.

All Myrtie's noble sacrifices and exertions had been in vain. James was forced to leave college, even in his last year, without obtaining the diploma of a graduate. A prematurely disappointed and heart-weary man, he came home to stand by the death-beds of his sister and his father, and to take upon himself the care of his sole remaining parent. His career had been checked by disappointment. He was capable of no such heroic devotion to others, as had characterized his dead sister. So he dragged on some years in ill-remunerated and uncongenial toil, until death came, a third time, to the cottage and removed the uncomplaining invalid. Then when he had laid his mother in the grave he disappeared from his native city, and was lost to those who once knew him—an atom in that swelling, hurrying tide of humanity, ever rushing onward towards Eternity.

Years after, when the grass had long grown green over Myrtie's grave, Mr. and Mrs. Bowers discovered that a long-trusted servant had purloined the articles, for the loss of which they had persecuted the innocent girl. The time for reparation had passed, but remorse will never cease to torment them, till they meet their victim where every thought shall be known.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S OPINION OF

French Character.—In a normal state no people lends itself more easily, more passively, more unconditionally to its leaders than the French: it is "the flock" par excellence. Its old system of centralization, its compact bureaucracy, its long habit to the yoke, at first laid on its neck by all the Louises from the XIth to the XVth, improved by Napoleon, perfected by Louis Phillippe, had long since rendered the nation, as a mass, incapable of legal and systematic opposition. It is of little use to try every year new experiments of one or two Chambers, of larger or smaller assemblies. The French nation falls into utter, invincible apathy, the day after the election. What is going on in the Chambers interests no man, save only a few of the idle rabble of Paris. Anything like popular agitation, as we understand it in this country, is an impossibility in France. France revolts, but does not agitate. The Executive will, consequently, always be despotic in that country, for the Assembly never has a steady efficient support from the people. No medium there between passive servitude and violent resistance. The man in power is always omnipotent, till suddenly struck with utter impotence. There is no decline, no oscillation, but only a sudden downfall of authority. A French King or President rules by a prestige analogous to the sway exercised by a sorcerer over a demon to whom he has bartered his soul. So long as the *bond* holds good the whole of nature is made to bend to his sovereign will. But the hour strikes: the chains of fate are broken asunder. It is the familiar's turn now, and most unmercifully will he use his advantage.

Revolution in France is always short, unless fomented by foreign threat or intrigue. The French are always eager for a master—a hero if he is to be found; if not, the most obscure or contemptible will always equally do them. Power will transform and rehabilitate. The king can do no harm. The National storms, the Charivari sneers; but the people bow down and revere. The throne is the Pythoness's tripod. Hence all happy inspirations. Its occupier is always the "Napoleon either of war or peace"—if not the Achilles, then the "Ulysses of the age." Since Louis XIV, France has invariably had a *Grand Monarque* at its head. This, not from feelings of loyalty, but from base, grovelling servility. The throne is no less sure to give way suddenly, unexpectedly, almost always undeservedly, at the wrongest possible moment: and then we see how mercilessly it is dragged in the mud, how wantonly assailed with the grossest contumely!

Well, France has now her own master, and longs for no better one. Louis Napoleon may be something less than a man—a mere thing—the shade of a name; he of the Strasburg exploits, of the "tame eagle" of Boulogne—he is none the more to be put aside in France, except by a revolution.

Burnt Almonds.—An inquiry into the recent death of a young lady in England, established that she had been destroyed by the portions of the lead contained in the coloring matter of burnt almonds. Medical authority was also adduced to show that within the last three years upwards of seventy cases of death had been traced in England to the use of poisonous pigments used in fancy sweetmeats! We have reason to believe that this manner of murder is not uncommon in New York.

A Nun's Wish.—Southey, in his "Omniana," relates the following:—"When I was last at Lisbon a nun made an escape from a nunnery. The first thing for which she inquired, when she reached the house where she was to be secreted, was a looking-glass. She had entered the convent when only five years old, and from that time had never seen her own face."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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IDOLIZING THIEVES.

Some very worthy people seem to be so constituted that they can take no interest in anything which is not essentially vile. Present to them the case of an honest fellow-being who, despite toil and industry and integrity, has been ground under the iron heel of poverty until he is incapable of further exertion, and they will feel no compassion for the sufferer; but speak to them of some criminal—a murderer or a pirate, and all their sympathies are at once aroused. They will go on pilgrimages to his cell; they will carry him sumptuous viands; they will circulate subscription papers in his behalf; they will petition for his pardon, weep over his execution, mourn over his grave and anathematise the law and the court which inflicted such a cruel penalty upon "a poor, misguided brother." With them justice is revenge, and punishment only persecution.

A society of these felon sympathisers have lately been holding a series of meetings in London, "for the purpose of giving *gentlemen* who have been held in penal servitude, and who are suffering from the odium which thereby attaches to their reputation, an opportunity to state their *grievances*, with a view to the better providing for their future well-being." And, according to newspaper reports, the "gentlemen" responded to this call with a promptness, energy, and ability which promise the happiest results.

One young gentleman (or convict, as malicious officials called him) whose life-experience—to use his own phraseology—had been a checker-board one, stated that "he should not have the slightest objection to associating with people who had never been lagged (imprisoned) if they would only give a cove a fair chance, which they wouldn't do. He was sorry to say that people didn't seem to think that sending a cove to jail, did him any good, or made him any better, for they thought less of him when he came out than before he went in. Why, then, he would like to know, did they send him to jail? For his part, he thought the jail a failure; and he would go farther, and say he thought *society* a failure—for him, at any rate. He could not earn an honest living in it; and any society in which a man could not earn an honest living was a failure so far as that man was concerned. When he had got a situation, as he had on a few occasions, some policeman would come spying around and tell on him, and away he was sent; and so he had gone on, until at last he had been driven to marriage. That was what had become of him. The police were his great stumbling block; only abolish the police, and he could get along."

The next convict speaker is described as about thirty years old, handsomely dressed, a fluent speaker with a good elocution, and rejoicing in the aristocratic name of Villiers, which is Lord Clarendon's family name. Mr. Villiers said that, "although he had been well brought up and well educated, evil communications had at an early age corrupted his good manners and he had been sentenced for 'lifting' a watch—or rather for being *detected* in doing so. During his last incarceration, he had reflected on his course and come to the conclusion that 'Jordan' and the way of the transgressor are equally ill-adapted for pedestrian excursions, and he had determined to reform. With this intention he had called on the prison chaplain for advice, but that gentleman had absolutely refused to aid him, unless he (Mr. Villiers) would unite with his (the chaplain's) church and become a communicant. He would not mention the denomination to which the chaplain belonged, but he thought he owed it to himself to state that conscientious scruples prevented him from uniting with his persuasion, and the chaplain left him to his fate. Consequently, when he regained his liberty, what was he to do? He must either sacrifice his religious convictions or his moral integrity; so he lubricated his moral integrity and picked up things promiscuously. He made five or six pounds a week, but the business involved practices which were distasteful to him, and the company was low. He would sooner make only a pound a week honestly, and be able to associate with a better class. Social position was what those who had been discharged from penal servitude required, and without that everything else was futile. Show him how he could obtain an honest living and social position, and he would at once return to the bosom of society."

We have not space to pursue this subject further. Suffice it to say, it is evident that, under the fostering care of Prison Discipline and Prisoners' Friend societies, our thieves will only steal from people of unimpeachable character, and that burglars will refuse to rob houses in which refreshments are not set out for them in the best parlor, and whose inmates do not admit them to their society on equal terms.

PUBLIC SCOLDS.

Will some long-headed, "cute" Yankee devise some method of relieving the public streets from an intolerable nuisance in the shape of complaining, whining, scolding women? Dirty streets, a cold, foggy atmosphere and a hail-storm, all combined together, are less annoying than a shrill, querulous voice such as we heard lately on a crowded thoroughfare, saying "Mind your own business." Is *that* language, uttered in the most disagreeable tone, becoming to a lady? or, if it is necessary for a wife sometimes to use the expression to her husband, should she utter it in the midst of a crowd on the streets, and in such a snarling, snappish way that a stranger, who merely heard the noise, would suppose that some one near him had trodden on a dog? A woman who manifests such a temper in public must be either more or less than a woman, either a fiend or a beast, when this angry, growling mood seizes her at home. If the presence of a multitude of strangers, and her exposure to public criticism and laughter are not sufficient to bridle her tongue, at what a "dare-devil, break-neck" pace it must clatter when placed under no restraint? "Mind your own business," spoken in a public thoroughfare though intended for only one person is like a blow in the face of every one who hears it. Travelers passing along quietly and "minding their own business" often wish that these public scolds who are not afraid to use their tongue anywhere or on any subject, would take the advice which they are most ready to give. Why should they obtrude their domestic quarrels on their peaceable neighbors or drag them out into the public streets? A scold anywhere is the most disagreeable animal in existence, not excepting a hedgehog, a skunk, or a dandy; but the scold, so reckless as to exert her detestable powers in public, rises to a height of sublime impudence unapproachable by anything that lives. She becomes a monster, such as Milton would have made queen of his

"Gorgons, Hydras and Chimeras dire."

Only those ladies who do a small retail trade in fashionable whining will be disposed to censure us for severity in condemning these public scolds, or will tell us to "mind our own business, and we will not hear them." To them we say, as an apology for mentioning the subject, that we are naturally inclined to mind our own business,—so strongly inclined, indeed, that we do not wish to have any other person's business rattled, whined, screamed, scolded or dinned in any way into our ears, while we are using the public thoroughfares in a quiet, peaceful manner, according to law. Our censure is aimed chiefly at those who engage in the wholesale scolding business, and we are highly pleased to think that none of this class is likely to do us the favor of returning the compliment, for not one of them is a constant reader of the LEDGER. As however, this article may accidentally meet the eye of an occasional reader whose tongue has acquired a looseness which he or she finds it difficult to restrain in public, we offer a recipe for the cure of the disorder. In the first place, read, "mark, learn and inwardly digest" the LEDGER every week. Secondly, whenever the fit of scolding is felt to be coming on like a fit of coughing or sneezing, and the unhappy patient perceives that the fear of being laughed at by the public is yielding to the pressing demands of nature, then the disorder may be checked and the outburst of harsh language may be effectually prevented by repeating two or three or four times, as the case may require, the words of the immortal Bottom:—"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice; I'll speak that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you as 'twere any nightingale."

WOMEN NEED RECREATION.

MIDDLETOWN, April 22, 1856.

MR. LEDGER:—My wife and daughters are all the time wanting to go to concerts, and lectures, and other places that cost money. Now, how is this to be put a stop to? I think that women folks ought to stay at home and mind their family matters, just as our grandmothers used to do. What are your ideas on the subject?

CONNECTICUT.

Our idea is that "Connecticut" is inclined to be too penurious and straight-laced with his wife and daughters. Pleasure, or recreation, is to women what the sun is to flowers; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, refreshes, and improves; if immoderately, it withers, deteriorates and destroys. At the same time, the duties of domestic life, exercised, as they must be, in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are perhaps as necessary to the full development of her charms, as the shade and the shower are to the maturing of the beauty and perfecting the fragrance of the rose.

ALBANY, April, 18th, 1856.

MR. LEDGER:—Will you be kind enough to give me a little advice on a subject which rather puzzles me. I have been keeping company with a gentleman for about two years. Having heard that he had spoken disrespectfully of me, I exhibited what I thought a proper resentment. Afterwards I found that he had been wrongfully accused, and thinking I had been rather hasty, I thought it my duty to make some apology, and did make one. He accepted it; but still his conduct is strange; at times he is very pleasant, and then again treats me with indifference. How would you advise me to act under such circumstances? Please answer in your next, and you will oblige a subscriber.

PAULINE.

We are really at a loss what answer to make to Pauline. Her best course probably would be to ask said gentleman plainly what he means, and what his intentions are, and at once settle the matter definitely and finally.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by R. BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"COME ON MACDUFF."

☞ A correspondent wishes us to "oblige a lady," by publishing a communication containing strictures on FANNY FERN. But, why should we "oblige a lady" whom we do not know, and at the same time disoblige a lady whom all the world knows.—*N. Y. Evening Mirror.*

"Oblige a lady." She is not the first, or the only lady, who has tried to be "obliged," and *obliging*, in this way. Dear creatures! how they love me! There was Miss Moses, *proper* Miss Moses, who had been for a year or more writing for the Scribetown Gazette, when I commenced. How delighted she was at my advent—how pleased she was with my articles—how many things she said about me, personally and literarily, to the editor of the Gazette—what an interest she took in my progress. *She* never tried to keep my articles out of the paper, (benevolent soul!) "lest they should injure its reputation"—not she; she never, when looking over the exchanges, hid away those in which my articles were copied, and commended—not she; she never, when she found one containing a personal attack on me (written at her own suggestion) marked it with a double row of ink marks, and laid it in a conspicuous place on the Editor's Table—not she. She *liked* my articles—liked them so well, that, on several occasions, she appropriated whole sentences and paragraphs; omitting (probably through forgetfulness) to make the necessary quotation marks! Dove-like Miss Moses! I think I see her now looking as though she was ready to be translated, (which, by the way, her works never have been.) Pious Miss Moses, who rang threadbare changes on the ten commandments, and was addicted to meetings and melancholy; she tried hard to extinguish me, but success makes one magnanimous. I forgive her.

And there was Miss Fox, who "never could see anything to like in FANNY FERN's articles," who knew her to have come from a family, "who *always* fizzled out"—(on this point this deponent saith nothing)—but who, when she (Miss Fox) had occasion to write a newspaper story, got some kind friend to say in print, "that the story by Rosa, was probably written by FANNY FERN." Sweet Miss Fox!

Then there was Miss Briar, who "wondered if MR. BONNER, of the N. Y. LEDGER, gave FANNY FERN, *who had never been out of sight of America*, $100 a column for her stupid trash, what he would give *her*, Miss Briar, who had crossed the big pond, when *she* touched pen to paper! FANNY FERN indeed! Humph!"

Lovely creatures! I adore the whole sex. I always prefer hotels, ferry boats and omnibusses, where they predominate, and abound; how courteous they are to each other, in case of a squeese! Lord bless 'em! How truly Burns says:

> "Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
> Her noblest work she classes, O:
> Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
> And then she made the lasses, O.
> *The sweetest hours that e'er I spend*
> *Are spent amang the lasses, O.*"

FANNY FERN.

INTERESTING TO LOVERS.

SPRINGFIELD, April 13, 1856.

MR. LEDGER:—When a young lady is keeping company with a young gentleman, is it good manners for her brothers and sisters to stay in the parlor after tea, when they must know the young couple would rather be alone?

CLOANTHA.

We do not think that brothers and sisters could justly be accused of exhibiting ill-manners, should they remain in the parlor after tea, under the circumstances mentioned by Cloantha; although they might be obnoxious to a charge of mischievousness almost bordering on the malicious. In such a case, we would advise the lover to read aloud from the "Congressional Debates," or something more stupid if such a thing can be found, until the enemy is dispersed. He should be careful, however, not to hit upon the LEDGER, as in that case the longer he read the longer the tormenters would stay.

FRENCH WOMEN.

The French woman's characteristics are generally that she is unexceptionably shod; that she wears inimitable gloves and a bonnet unapproachable; that she has a toilette of two colors only, with a distracting way of wearing a shawl; that her manners are bewitching, full of small graces and delicately shaped coquetries, but never wanting in the nicest appreciation of external proprieties, to which her flirtations are always subordinate; that she has a marvellous faculty of walking clean, through the dirty streets of Paris, and as marvellous a knack of holding up her skirts with one hand over her left hip; that she has a supernatural preservation of youth, and a bewildering habit of putting her face close to yours—that she may hear everything you say.

WHAT FANNY FERN IS WORTH.

BOSTON, April 16, 1856.

MR. LEDGER:—I am going to ask you a question, which you may think an impertinent one; but I can assure you that it is meant in all kindness, and is asked with due deference and respect for all parties. Many persons here, who entertain sentiments of the highest esteem for the lady mentioned, and who cherish a very unusual regard for her, are interested in your reply—not from motives of impertinent or indecorous curiosity, but from feelings of deep sympathy and abiding friendship for the lady. The question is, What is FANNY FERN worth?

L. B.

Being satisfied from the tone of our correspondent's inquiry, that she considers her question a perfectly legitimate and proper one, we will frankly reply, that, by those who know her best, FANNY FERN is believed to be "worth her weight in gold." Is "L. B." satisfied?"

WHO IS THE VICTOR?

For several weeks past the newspapers and politicians of this country, and the governments and people of Europe have been earnestly engaged in calculating, measuring, and weighing the gains and losses of the Allied Powers and of Russia in the late war. An impartial judge would find it very difficult to decide which party in the mighty struggle had lost most, and perhaps equally difficult to decide which had gained least. The losses on both sides have been so heavy, that each of the combatants ought to hail the return of peace with joy; the gains have been so small, so worthless, that none of them has any reason to boast of its prowess or success. Many years must elapse before the feelings stirred up by the strife will have subsided, and become so calm that the world can take a dispassionate view of the contest, and decide in whose hands lies the balance of gain or loss. At present the question, Who is conqueror in the war? cannot be laid before a competent and impartial judge. Americans, who have watched the struggle from its beginning to its close, and who ought to be, if any people can be, impartial judges, almost universally acknowledge that the gains of each nation are out-numbered and over-balanced by its losses, but no one in this country and no one in the Old World can point with certainty to the victor. A future age, perhaps, will be able to decide which party or nation has done best, or gained most in the contest, and whose head is worthy of the laurel crown of victory.

Though peace has been proclaimed, History has not yet recorded in her Ledger a full and correct statement of the losses and gains of Turkey, of France, of England, of Sardinia, and of their mighty antagonist Russia. Some time must be allowed for reaction before the combatants can feel the loss of that strength which they have expended in the struggle. The boasting of the London Times and other organs of public opinion in England, and the bullying tone which they have lately assumed towards the United States are not based on a firm conviction that the allies have gained largely in the contest. Their threatening language and bullying attitude towards this country are employed merely as a cloak to cover their losses from public inspection; and thus they hope to impress the world with the idea that their strength has been increased by the struggle.

But there is really nothing that forebodes a contest with the United States. The leaders of public opinion in England merely wish to direct the attention of the people from their losses in the late war. When they have gained their object,—when they have succeeded in preventing an internal struggle in Great Britain between the higher and lower classes, we shall probably, hear the same newspapers proclaiming the result of the contest in language something like this:—"History has not recorded on her pages any war in which the combatants gained less or lost more. Turkey has, in reality, lost her independence; Russia, England and Sardinia, their ancient reputation; France has bartered many years of liberty for glory,—to gain a high standing among nations she has delivered herself into the hands of a despot, and her struggles have served only to strengthen and tighten the chains with which Louis Napoleon has bound her to his throne. The losses of all parties are heavy, and none have any reason to boast of their gains." In the mean-time we shall have an unlimited supply of articles in newspapers and magazines attempting to balance the accounts, to estimate the losses and gains of the contest, and to assign each nation its position in the scale of national greatness. And we expect to derive considerable amusement from the numerous predictions about the future results of the war which our political wiseacres will strive to cram down the throats of a credulous public.

MR. LEDGER:—If, after a young lady has kept company for a long time with a young man, and has taken a great many presents from him, and corresponded with him, and always *professed* to love him—if, after having done all these things, she suddenly drops him, and goes with another, has he (that is the young man she pretended to love, &c.) any right to take offence at it and complain about it?

ALBERT.

If the "young man" had done nothing to displease his lady-love, and had in all things acted honestly and in a lover-like manner, we should say that under the circumstances above specified, he would have a right to take offence, and to complain to his heart's content; but we think he should also be thankful, for having got rid of such an inconstant sweetheart.

MASTERS AND APPRENTICES.

LOWELL, April 15, 1856.

MR. LEDGER:—I am an apprentice, and I try to do what is right; at any rate I do the best I can; but my master often gets angry at his workmen and at me, and calls *me* names and swears at me. Do you think that is right? Has a man any business to swear and call names?

WILLIAM C.

It is wrong, of course, for a man to call anybody names, or to swear on any occasion; and such things are especially unbecoming in an employer, who should set examples of propriety and decorum to those whom he wishes to control. But William may console himself with the reflection that his case is not an uncommon one, inasmuch as there is not one person in a hundred that knows how to behave to those he employs.

> "In his life he had one shadow,
> In his heart one sorrow had he."

None but he can know the extremities of sorrow who has only *one*. The man or woman of only one sorrow,—one shadow in his or her life—stands on the borders of lunacy.

IS IT SO?—We see it stated that small bonnets, hoops, bloomer dresses and other monstrosities in female attire are frequently employed to afford young gents an apology for staring at the ladies. Is it so?

CURRENT ITEMS.

DR. RIPLEY, and a young man named McClellan, of Glencoe, Minesota Territory, lost their way in the woods and were frozen so bad the Doctor died, while McClellan, with both feet frozen, crawled into a miserable shanty, where he lived seventeen days on a pound of cheese and a pint of rice. When discovered, he was unable to walk a step.

As a young lad named David Huckelbury, living in Craik Township, Indiana, was crossing a field, a vicious horse attacked him with teeth and hoofs and bit and trampled him to death. The mother of the boy, who saw the horse killing her son, swooned from terror and agony and died in a few hours.

THE Empress Eugenie having expressed a wish to preserve the pen with which the treaty of peace was signed, the gallant diplomats used one made from a quill plucked from the wing of a living eagle, and the relic, ornamented with gold and costly diamonds, is now in her possession.

THE knowing ones predict that all kinds of provisions will be unusually cheap during the coming year, and merchants say importations have been so far beyond the demand that dry goods must also come down to a low figure; so the eaters and dressers will probably have a good time.

A MAN named John Crosson, living at Crane's Grove, Ill," recently attacked his wife, while he was drunk, and with a hickory club beat her head and back to a jelly. The brute was arrested and is now awaiting trial for the murder.

A MAN named Nathan Brown was arrested, a short time since, near Jeffersonville, Ind., for bigamy. He is fifty-three years old and has nine living wives, three of whom he has married within two years.

YANKEES *are* industrious and saving. On the sandy shores of Cape Cod, where it has been supposed nothing would grow, they are now raising the white or Weymouth pine, from the seed, planted in hills like corn.

IT is stated by physicians that one-fourth of of the children under ten years of age in this city, die of hereditary inebriety—that is, because one or both of their parents were drunkards at their birth.

THE "National Assembly" (newspaper) of Paris, is translating and publishing FANNY FERN'S "Ruth Hall."

IT is rumored that Col. Lane of Kansas will challenge Senator Douglass, for imputations which the latter cast upon the Colonel in a senatorial speech.

IT is said the little Nap-kin is getting on finely at Paris, and takes to his rattle with an enthusiasm worthy of his position.

A MAN named Wilber Elkins, of Oramel, (N. Y.) was recently caught in the machinery of a steam mill in that place, and torn in pieces.

WIT AND HUMOR.

AN Indian prince, remarkable for his pride and ill-humor, once walking to the window of his presence chamber, with a foreign ambassador, said to him: "Do you know, sir, that one of my ancestors forced a person of your description from this balcony into the street?" "It may be so," was the reply; "but probably it was not the fashion then, as it is now, for ambassadors to wear swords."

AN Irish jockey once selling a nag to a gentleman, frequently observed that he was an *honest* horse. After the purchase the gentleman asked him what he meant by an honest horse. "Why, sir," replied the seller, "whenever I rode him he always threatened to throw me, and he certainly never deceived me."

A LITTLE boy hearing his father say, "There is a time for all things," climbed up behind his mother's chair, and, whispering in her ear, asked, "When was the proper time for hooking sugar out of the sugar-bowl?"

A MILITARY man, in his last moments, opening his eyes beheld three doctors in consultation over him. Said he, "Gentlemen, I surrender, if you propose to *fire in platoons*," and extending his limbs, breathed his last.

AN American Quaker said to a gunner, during the revolutionary war, "Friend, I counsel no bloodshed; but, if it be thy design to hit the little man in the blue jacket, point thine engine three inches lower."

A LADY in Fifth Avenue was taken quite sick the other morning, and showed evident signs of having been poisoned. It was afterwards ascertained that she had bitten her own tongue.

A QUAKER once taxed the celebrated Dr. Young with refusing to bury a dead dissenter. "You are mistaken, sir," said the Doctor, "I should be happy to bury them all."

AT fifteen girls wonder whom they shall take at twenty-five they wonder whom they can get, and at thirty-five they wonder who will take them.

WHY is a farmer, fencing in a lot, like a man with corns on his toes putting on his shoes? Because he is enclosing a few *achers*.

WHAT is the difference between deer and mutton? Mutton is dear in the market, and deer is mutton in the restaurant.

WHAT IT'S COMING TO.

It is rumored that the famed Academy of Music, which has cost something like a quarter of a million of dollars, is to be turned into a charitable institution, or hospital, or something else useful. After repeated and costly experiments, the idea of making it pay as an Opera house is about being abandoned; manager after manager having sunk fortunes in it, until there is supposed not to be another speculator of the same sort left. In case the project for removing the Post Office to Union Square is carried out, we think of purchasing the Academy of Music for a printing and business office. Let its name once be changed to "THE LEDGER BUILDINGS," and its popularity will be secured. We may retain some of the best *artistes*, to sing "The LEDGER Alphabet," and a few similar choice compositions, on publication day; to whose performances the click of types and the clang of steam presses would form an appropriate accompaniment.

A CANNON BALL, striking the oaken ribs of a man-of-war, pierces straight through them, scattering destruction on all sides, until its force is expended; but if it impinge upon a wave, it swerves aside, is conquered by the unresisting softness, and finally subsides without injury.

BREAKFAST.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Breakfast!—Come to breakfast!
Honest friend is he,
More than gourmand Dinner,
More than tinsel Tea,
More than stolid Supper
Dragging in its train,
Dizzy-head, and night-mare,
Or paralytic pain.

Breakfast! Come to breakfast!
Little ones, and all,—
How their merry footsteps
Patter at the call,—
Break the bread,—pour freely
Milk that cream-like flows,
A blessing on their appetites,
And on their lips of rose.

Breakfast!—It reclaims us
From realms of death-like sleep,
From wild and dream-land wanderings
Wherein we laugh or weep,—
It giveth strength for labor,
It giveth zeal for play,
New vigor to the student,
Fresh spirits to the gay.

Breakfast!—summer breakfast!—
Throw the casement high,
And catch the warbler's carol
On glad wing glancing by,—
Set flowers upon your table
Impearl'd with dew-drops rare,
For still their fragrance speaks of Him
Who made this earth so fair.

Breakfast!—winter breakfast!—
Recruit the blazing fire,
Heap coal upon the glowing grate
Or fill the furnace higher,—
Though drifted snows descending
May whiten field and bower,
Where loving hearts are true and warm,
King Frost hath little power.

Dinner may be pleasant,
So may social tea,
But yet, methinks the breakfast
Is best of all the three,
With its greeting smile of welcome,
Its holy voice of prayer,
It forgeth heavenly armor
To foil the hosts of care.

Breakfast!—early breakfast!
The Sun's new rising ray,
Doth lend a secret magic
To speed you on your way,—
For if you let one morning hour
Go by you on the track,
Old Franklin says "you'll trot all day,
But never get it back."

Breakfast!—Come to breakfast!—
Some there are, who hear
No such household-music
Ringing on their ear;
Wilt thou from thy store-house
Cheer them when they pine?
Shedding blessed sunbeams
On their day, and thine?

HARTFORD, Conn., April, 1856.

NORMA DANTON;

OR THE

ORPHAN OF THE LIGHTHOUSE

A TALE OF FRAUD AND REVENGE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

All that night Hatty Newbold strayed from room to room with farewell sighs to each, for the next night she would be from home. Sleep fled her embrace, and the night tocsin pealed on her weary brain. She could not rest beside her husband—away from him, a dim sense of terror disturbed her till she crept back and crouched in the farthest corner of the great, dark chamber, where she could only hear him breathe, yet she was strong in her purpose, if any one could be said to be strong with such an insane purpose at heart.

Her husband inquired so kindly how she had rested that her soul upbraided her for the pain she was about to inflict upon one who, in spite of all her waywardness, still watched so tenderly over her comfort. They breakfasted in silence, and Mr. Newbold bade his wife good morning. A box had been already sent from the house to Ethel Danton's business direction, containing all she chose to take with her from her home. That plan was adopted to avoid exciting the suspicion of the servants. Ethel came at ten; stayed but a short time. Mrs. Newbold was to meet him at eleven alone, on foot, in a certain street not far distant, where he could await her with a carriage to convey her to the boat. Great caution and secresy were necessary lest they should be thwarted in their attempt, particularly as Hatty told him she thought her husband was alarmed, perhaps watching her.

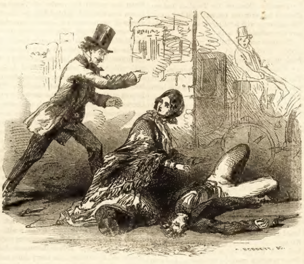
"Impossible," said Ethel. "The most suspicious could not have discovered our design from the entire caution with which it has been conducted. Of course, suspicion will fall upon me immediately your elopement is discovered, but I am sure no one has dreamed it yet, and least of all your husband."

"Ethel, do you believe in presentiments? I do, and I have a presentiment that all this will end in some horrid scene of bloodshed, perhaps of murder."

"Hush! Hatty hush! you lack nerve, dear; you are worn out with the struggle between love and duty. All will be clear to you to-morrow. Now make ready, and in three-quarters of an hour," said he, looking at his watch, "I shall see you again; then you must, closely veiled, go to your state-room, for May and my parents will be on board to wish me *bon voyage*; of course, you must keep out of sight."

He kissed her and turned away. She stood for a moment in the center of the room, just where he left her, with her hands pressed to her temples; then, as if animated with a sudden desperation, mechanically finished the preparations, already in a fair stage towards completion. She donned a plain carriage dress. A dark straw bonnet and veil, less costly than was her wont to wear, and under which no one would guess the elegant Mrs. Newbold to be concealed, finished her equipment. As she stepped over the threshold she thought she saw her husband at a little distance watching the house, but on looking again could see nothing to cause alarm.

She walked on at a quick pace. Arrived at the appointed place of meeting, she lingered impatiently, for the carriage had not yet come. In a moment more it turned the corner and stopped in the narrow, unfrequented street.



MR. NEWBOLD SHOT BY ETHEL DANTON, AS HE WAS ELOPING WITH MRS. NEWBOLD.

From it Ethel Danton stepped, and was in the act of handing Mrs. Newbold in when a hand was laid upon the shoulder of each, and her husband's voice rang in her ear.

"Madam, you will oblige me by stepping into that carriage while I deal with this villain. Now, sir; here on the spot I give you a chance for your life, which is more than you deserve. Your weapon, sir; for one or both of us must fall, here and now."

He handed him a pistol as he spoke, and sternly taking his ground he turned sharply around and both fired simultaneously. The distracted wife rushed forward as he raised the pistol and the ball went wide of the mark. Young Danton had taken a surer aim. Mr. Newbold fell. The wretched woman flung herself beside her bleeding husband.

Ethel, aware that instant flight alone could save him from the dangerous issue the present appearance of affairs seemed to denote, implored her in vain to leave him.

"Hatty, dear Hatty, not a moment is to be lost; an instant more and we shall be arrested. Enter the carriage—the driver is in my pay and will convey us swiftly from danger."

She did not look up, but said quickly, "Go you from danger, I cannot leave him."

"Hatty this is madness, folly; you can do no good by remaining here, come;" and he attempted to lift her from the ground, but she turned fiercely, with a look so wild, and said, "murderer, fly while you can. If you had spared his life I could forgive you, but now I would rather die here on his poor, bleeding body than accompany you to an Eden of bliss. Go! It is I that have murdered him. I alone am to be punished, all others are innocent," she exclaimed, in a loud, clear, ringing voice.

People were gathering, the carriage had already cleared the street, and Ethel Danton made his escape in the bustle and confusion that succeeded Mrs. Newbold's declaration, which was readily believed by the excited populace. There was no one on the ground who had seen the shots fired—several had heard them without supposing them signs of hostility.

On examination it appeared that Mr. Newbold had only fainted from the shock and loss of blood, which poor Hatty was vainly endeavoring to staunch.

"Secure that woman, officer;" and Hatty found herself in custody.

"Don't separate us now, for I must speak with him when he awakes, if he ever does awake," she rejoined in an agonized tone.

"Well, ma'am, where's he to be taken?" said the man who held her by the arm.

She quietly gave the direction, and in a little while Mr. Newbold was laid on his own bed and a surgeon was in attendance examining the wound. It was thought the patient might recover. He was restored from the faint, and in a whisper inquired for his wife. She caught the sound, slight as it was. She crept to the bedside and pressed her lips with a faint moan upon his hand. He was too weak to lift it, but looked the forgiveness he could not speak.

Hatty was left a prisoner in her own house. All noise was hushed, and quiet was once more restored within the walls where sorrow had taken her abode for many a long day. Long, long will it be ere the wife's repentance can expiate her rash act.

All sorts of rumors were afloat in town relative to the Newbold affair; but the excitement was divided; another subject of wonder and alarm was in full tide of agitation. The rich heiress, May Danton, was missing from her father's house. Conjecture was at fault, and rumor's lusty tongue brought back no echo that might reveal a possibility of the hidden facts. In vain the frantic father offered a vast reward to any one who might restore to him his child. His gold was useless now, for though the search was faithfully pursued, no certainty could be elucidated from a mystery devoid of light as the eyes of the dead.

Her maid had left her in her chamber the night of the party, and on going to her room late the ensuing morning found her not. With some surprise she noted that everything about the chamber was just as she had left it the night previous. Yet she thought her mistress might have slept upon her couch, and risen early, perhaps gone out to refresh herself among the birds and flowers—but when an hour passed on without bringing her, the maid deemed it her duty to inform Miss Danton's mother of her non-appearance. In a few moments the whole house was in alarm, and when they found her not, the private terror spread till the public heart bled with theirs in fearful sympathy. There was no chance for Ethel to be apprised of the home tragedy, for it did not transpire till within an hour of his departure. And Ethel Danton saw there was no hope of consummating the design for which he had periled his honor and his soul; and with all his fierce passions fired by so signal a defeat, together with a reflection on the inconvenience it might occasion him, to say nothing of the infamy and disgrace which must attach to his name, were he suspected of the murder of Newbold, for he believed he had murdered him, he felt authorized to seek his own safety, since her obstinate adherence to her husband's side, precluded the possibility of her sharing it with him. He left the spot with the bitterness of hell in his heart, and hurried on board the steamer. In fifteen minutes they would be off.

He felt relieved, though somewhat surprised, that his father, mother and sister were not there; but several of his gay companions in the fashionable world stood on the pier. The time for farewells was brief; the signal was given, and the noble steamer wheeled on her outward course, her flags proudly floating the air; with the booming of cannon and the ringing of noontide chimes, she rolled away to compass the limits of the pathless ocean. Some breathless messenger had reached the wharf too late to tell his story; but his frantic gestures gave sufficient indication of something of dread import. Ethel blessed his stars that he was clear of his native shores, for he dreaded arrest for murder.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Norma read in the journals the various contradictory accounts of the recent events respecting her kindred, with a composed sorrow. It seemed to her that it was dangerous to bear the name of Danton, as though some frightful doom hung over her family. Terrible indeed, was the anguish in the hearts of the bereaved, for all their prayers could not persuade Ethel to return. He answered their letters, bewailed his sister's fate, but adhered to his first determination imparted to his father in his first letter home, filled with confessions.

The hale and fresh looking James Danton could now scarcely be recognized in the shivering old man who looked as if fifty years had been added to his age; for sorrow and remorse had buried their fangs deep in his soul. In vain he sought consolation in the well-preserved superstitions of his church. Confession and penance brought him no repose of mind, and finally he gave himself up to the miserable influences of hypochondria and became an object of pitiable weakness. Mrs. Danton from lack of feeling and greater enjoyment of and regard to the outside shows and forms of life, suffered less from the afflictions that assailed her. She still hoped too that May would be restored to her, for it was impossible to attempt to convince her that she was dead. If she were dead, she argued, it must have been discovered; but the uncertainty was a fearful cross to bear. And oh! the sympathy they received from friends. 'Tis such a salvo to one's griefs, and then the balm that gold can bring. There is a wide difference between sorrowing wealth and sorrowing poverty. The wealthy can sit down to their sorrows as to a solemn feast, and know they need not be disturbed till they have sighed their fill and moaned their woes asleep, and they can blazon to posterity the names of loved ones lost. The block of marble and the cunning workmen divert the mind from too much dwelling on the shroud or pall; they feed with gladdened eyes on the rich beauty they have reared above the sacred ashes of the dead; and friends gaze with them, and praise the costliness and fair design of the sarcophagus that vails Death's horrid image from the living. But poverty can only toil in silent agony. The poor must weep alone, not much of that; to them "the luxury of woe" is far too costly an indulgence and only on the tablet of the heart is writ the name the cherished idol bore. Oh! ye rich, in your sorrows remember the poor, though in your joys you do forget them; some kind memorials to the broken-hearted will lead your souls to heaven, though your feet press the thorns, while culling flowers, for these, the stricken ones of earth.

James Danton was a confirmed hypochondriac, and the strangest imaginings of that peculiar disease were constantly affecting him. He fancied himself at the mercy of the powers of the elements, and his evident anguish was deplorable to witness. He was in the fire without being burned; sometimes fancying himself a salamander; at others a serpent; and he wandered through the depths of the ocean, and explored the mysteries of the huge caves where monsters of the deep coil in their slimy beds; then he would shriek with horror, for their icy eyes transfixed him as he struggled for relief from the fierce element. His condition was perilous. The wisest physicians were unable to mitigate his sufferings. These phantoms only haunted him at night; his days were comparatively tranquil, but the nights he dreaded more than death, for then the demons of a disturbed mind tortured him. Again, he was hurled on the wings of the wind to visit other worlds, that swing and shine so far above the earth.

It was night. Mr. Danton was undergoing one of his paroxysms. He talked of the things he saw in a strange tongue. He said he was speaking the language of the planet in which his soul then stood. His eyes grew bright and fearful as he explained to the listening few who stood about him; those through which the secrets of the world must pass in their ascent to the tribunal.

"In each," said he, "the earth-born soul must bear the test of the peculiar laws that govern each, and suffer too the penalty, for thought, like light, was a fleet traveler, and all our sins of thought and deed precede us through the circling worlds, and acquittal or condemnation is warded in those as soon as the electric thought makes our virtues or our crimes. Thus are we self-condemners. They are God's agents, ever on the alert, like the detective guardsman keeps upon his fellow man."

His voice grew solemn and deep as he continued, "we may escape man's agents, but *God's police* is sure; no hiding place can conceal us from the infinite eye. A voice forever in my ears bids me make restitution; that word is written in letters of fire wherever I turn; 'tis like the voice of Alice Danton. Oh! if death would yield me back that child, that little fair-haired girl. I would give half my wealth to see her sitting by my bedside to fright these demons from me with her sweet angel face."

"Poor man he raves."

"I do not rave. Look you. I have heard words to-night, have thought thoughts, have seen faces and heard whispers which tell me I must repay the wrong I did those children. Alice Danton's and my brother's children, or there will be no peace here or hereafter. Leshman too, with his calm face, upbraids me, for I wrought his ruin with my cursed gold, and now the Saviour's blood can't buy my redemption. Restitution! restitution, oh! God have mercy on me."

"Issue a proclamation through the world in every written tongue, for William Danton, my brother's son, to be restored, if he yet lives, to home and fortune."

He sank exhausted in the arms of his attendants, and lay for hours in a lethargic sleep.

That day Milo Houston made his appearance at the counting room, where he found Mr. Danton, for he still continued his habit of riding to town every morning. Milo's face was fuller of intelligence than it ever was before. He motioned to Mr. Danton that he wanted to see him alone, and the worn man led the way feebly, to his private business room. Then Milo opened his great mobile mouth and spoke.

"Mr. Danton, that gal ain't dead."

"My May. God be praised," exclaimed Mr. Danton; "where is she?"

"Oh! not her," said Milo, sorrowfully gazing on the old man. "I mean tother one, Master William's gal whom I thought was drowned the night the Lighthouse tumbled, four years ago and better; but patience alive! what's the matter, Mr. Danton? You don't look like yourself, sir, since all these troubles have come to you; and I wish I could bring you news of your gal, but I'm glad, mister, Norm ain't dead anyhow, for many a night these years past I laid awake thinkin' on her when the wind howled. Do you feel better, sir?"

"I am better. You say Norma Danton is living. How do you know it? Prove it to me and I'll give you gold—gold—gold."

Milo recoiled at the old man's words and looks, but spoke quickly. "I don't want any pay. The fact is, Norma had a quarrel with me that night, but that's nothin' now, here nor there; she's alive, for I've seen her. If it's as much good to you, Mr. Danton, to know it as 'tis to me, why I congratulate you, that's all. She's afeared of me, though, for she run like blazes when I put my eye on her, and I soon lost her again in these blasted crooked streets."

"But are you sure it was she?"

"Sure! jest as though anybody else could begin to look like that gal. She wan't under my ruff four years for nothin'. Why I could almost count the hairs on her blessed little head, God forgive me for daring to say so, though. She did have a master head of hair. Why Lord, Mr. Danton, she's jest like her mother. There's no mistake about it, the gal's alive and well. I don't know where she is; if I did, I'd tell you; but what I do know is, I'm in a master hurry to get home and tell my wife, for though she was 'mazin cross to Norm when she lived long with us, she mourned herself most to death about her arter she was gone."

"Thank you, Milo," said Mr. Danton, faintly. "If she's alive and in this city we shall find her. There are means—we will use them, and find her. You've taken a load off my mind, Milo; any favor you can name is yours. I must go immediately to my carriage. I have been ill, Milo, very ill."

"I see you have, sir. You have had enough to break you down; but don't despair, sir. One gal has come to light, perhaps tother will."

"Good day to you, Milo."

"Good day, sir, good day. Now what's he so main glad fur, I wonder. He looks as if he had waded through hell to get where he is now. Maybe he's sorry he didn't do better by that boy and gal, now his own gal's gone off so mysteriously. Yes, that's it. Remorse! I've knowed it on a small scale, but hurra! she's alive, and I shan't feel any more as though I'd had a hand in murdering as pretty a gal as ever a king's eyes looked on."

Milo's narrative was true. He did meet Norma full in the face, knew her of course in a moment, for who, as he said, looked like her. She too knew him, her old terror came back, though her reason now told her he could neither claim or harm her; still her impulse was to get out of his neighborhood, and before he could recover from the astonishment caused by that recognition, she flitted, and his pursuit of her was in vain.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Ursula Leshman, from having been since her girlhood accustomed to provide for and administer to the wants of the unfortunate and distressed, found the knowledge of service to her in her own hour of heavy affliction. Mrs. Marshall plead in vain that Mrs. Leshman and Ursula should make their home under her ample roof. They left their own delightful home, to which joy was a stranger from the mournful close of that beloved father's life, and in a hired house Ursula toiled, as she had often seen others do, for the support of her mother and herself, with this difference: her superior accomplishments placed her on a different footing, and her labors were more remunerative than some of her less fortunate sisters'. She opened a school, and in a reasonable time it was in as flourishing condition as many of longer date in the city. Quickly she suited herself to her calling, and the excellence of her lost father's precepts as she practised them were constant strengths to her, and when the wearing duties of the day were done she still could sit by the feeble mother's couch, and chant those simple songs to her harp's minstrelsy, as she had done in happier hours, ere sorrow crossed her path.

She felt that her father's spirit still lingered near; she sang like one inspired; there seemed angel voices all around her, chiding away the despondency that would sometimes creep on, however she tried to check its inroads; but as she sang her mother smiled the old sad smile, which repaid the effort she had made to banish care, and they were glad together in their sorrow, for God still blessed them with a good man's memory.

The entire change in her fortunes did not prevent Ursula's still feeling for the sufferings of others. She found some time to speak comforting words, and to perform acts of charity to those who claimed her pity. Noble girl! she has been weighed in the balance and not found wanting. She still retained her friends, the few her father had allowed her to call so, for one of his inestimable lessons was: "You may be courteous to all, intimate with few." She kept the lesson well, and had few causes to regret the friendships she had formed.

Mrs. Marshall had gained so much upon the confidence of her young seamstress, that by her persuasion she had been induced to place herself under Miss Leshman's instruction one hour each day, all the time she would be persuaded to spare from her tasks, although more was pressed upon her. Miss Leshman was delighted at the facility with which her pupil grappled with and mastered the lessons set before her.

Thus did the sister of William Danton become the loved pupil of Ursula Leshman; but she knew not the relationship, for Norma Danton was to her only Bell Waters, the sewing girl whom her dear friend, Mrs. Marshall, wished her to educate. She often thought of the young sailor, and remembered the touching story of his life, and gentle sighs answered the sweet reflection which stole upon her silent as the dreams of night.

How mysteriously the links of the vast chain of destiny connect with one another, or broken, reunite; our senses dimmed or darkened while the process goes stilly on till the last ring is affixed. The last blow from the titan arm of destiny reveals the beautiful, God-wrought mechanism to our wondering eyes. We see why we have suffered, and understand with tremulous delight why we may now rejoice. So, spirits who have passed the bounds of time look back at human anguish with smiles far, far beyond the little woes which seem to us so huge they can foresee the bright and joyous end. The great God in mercy gives them power to so far compass his design. "And all tears shall be wiped from their eyes." But "the cry of the human" floats ever up in anguish to the unanswering silence of infinity.

Mellicent Bowers, too, was experiencing the benefits of thrift, thanks to the patrons Ursula's kind interest had raised up for her. Again we will make her a twilight call, though we shall be welcomed with a rustic blush, for Silas Thorpe has just taken the seat beside her, and no one could make him believe he is not welcome, for Mellicent's eyes have said it in that joyous sparkle, and you can almost see her heart beat she is so glad. The old father chuckles his welcome. He still has an odd habit of asking inopportune questions, and, obligingly, not waiting for an answer.

To let you into a little secret, Silas has just returned from the dear old country home, whither he went to re-purchase the farm and cottage in which Mellicent was born; which he means to give her as her wedding portion, provided she marries to please him. The selfish creature! he tells her so, and Mell blushes up to her eyes again as she mischievously inquires, "What he would do with it if she did not marry to please him?" "Why he will give it her all the same, for it would be worth nothing to him without her," and then he kissed her cheek and pressed her unreluctant hand. 'Twas plain enough to see 'twas all a settled thing between them, although the marriage would not take place till the ensuing spring; on that point she was obstinate, woman-like. She had tasted independence, if that can be called independence which makes toil a necessity twelve hours out of the twenty-four. But it is not so bad when one gets plenty of work to do and good pay.

Norma was going to Miss Leshman's to recite when she met Milo. Flushed and excited, she entered her teacher's presence. Miss Leshman looked up and smiled very sweetly, as her favorite pupil took a seat near her. She was reading a letter which seemed to afford her much pleasure. She finished, folded it, and laid it on the table directly before the young girl, whose eyes without design fell on the postscript on which was written in a bold, manly hand, "direct, if you please, William Danton, Matanzas." Her eyes, dilated and enlarged, met Ursula's with a mute pathos; her lips could frame no question; the color faded from her face; there was a faint gurgling in her throat; she sank back in her chair, and a few drops of blood oozed slowly from her convulsed lips.

"She has burst a blood-vessel," said Ursula to her mother, who sat near; "call for help."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE ARTIST'S CHOICE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

The plague of gold strikes far and near
And deep and strong it enters,—
Our thoughts grow blank, our words grow strange—
We cheer the pale gold diggers—
Each soul is worth so much on 'change
And marked, like sheep, with figures.
MISS BARRETT.

"Bell, come here," said Mrs. John Evelyn, looking up over her gold spectacles, as her daughter sauntered into the parlor. The girl swept along and sank down upon the sofa beside her mother.

"Is it possible that you have encouraged this kind of thing?" said Mrs. Evelyn, with a sneer, as she tossed an open letter into her lap.

Bell Evelyn sat upright, and had the grace to blush as she read the epistle. It was a respectful and yet an ardent request to be allowed to pay his addresses to Miss Evelyn, beginning easily and in rather a business like manner, but ending in a half supressed rhapsody about "happiness and misery," &c.,—as if the writer had not been able to keep down entirely all expression of fire that was burning within him. And that writer was Charles Loveridge—a young and enthusiastic artist, who had hovered, moth-like, around her, till his gay wings were singed, and now had the assurance to offer marriage—to the belle of New York, as cooly as if he had been the heir to an independent fortune.

I have said Miss Evelyn blushed. It was for the artful coquetry that had brought the boy to her feet. But the next moment her worldy nature came back. She laughed a loud musical laugh, and crushed the letter in her jeweled hand.

"I suppose," said her mother, setting very upright and looking volumes of indignation, "he means you to dine off his palette, and eat his maul sticks for breakfast. A beggarly painter! To think of his daring to ask an Evelyn to marry him. Bell, what are you looking at me so for?"

"There is no need of working yourself up into a passion, mama," said the low voice—"I can assure you I have not the most remote idea of accepting the offer."

"But you will not refuse him decidedly," said her mother, pettishly; "I have seen the game played too many times to believe it. You will keep him dangling around you for a year to come. Take my advice, Bell, and send him about his business, as soon as possible."

"Do you think a trip to Rome would do him good?" said Bell, with a faint smile.

"Just the thing for him, my dear. Here he is, coming up the street. May I rely on you, Bell? Will you give him his card of dismissal to-day?"

"Yes—yes—mama," said the girl, with a pretty yawn. "Don't get in a fuss—you cannot be any more tired of him than I am. Besides Fitzhugh is getting jealous, and I may as well secure him and let the rest go."

"Diamonds—carriage horses—unlimited pin money—and a box at the opera," said the mother proudly. "Something better than a picture could afford." And sweeping from the room with the conviction that her daughter was a girl after her own heart, and would never let Fitzhugh and his immense fortune escape her, she drove down town to shop, and left the young lover to gain the presence of his divinity as quickly as he pleased.

It was the perfect beauty of Bell Evelyn's face and form that had first charmed the artist eye of Charles Loveridge. It was no wonder then that he paused to admire her as she stood waiting like a queen, to receive him. She gave him a quiet smile and held out her hand in welcome, as he approached, but when he would have raised it to his lips, she drew it coldly away and motioned him to a seat by her side.

"Has your mother—" he faltered as he saw her well-bred look of perfect indifference bent full upon him.

"She has shown me your letter," was the calm reply. "And Mr. Loveridge must pardon me if I say that she, as well as myself, regrets exceedingly that it was ever written."

"Bell—Miss Evelyn—what can you mean? Is it possible that I have mistaken you so fatally?"

"Have I shown such evident signs of love for you?" she answered. "Believe me, I was not aware of it."

He turned very pale at her scornful tone.

"Do you deny that you have encouraged me from the first?" he asked desperately. "Do you deny that you have smiled on me—that you have worn my boquets—honored me by accepting my gifts—accompanied me to different places of resort—in short, that you have accepted my attentions, knowing and feeling that I was your lover, and hoped one day to be your husband."

"I deny having done so with that knowledge," was the calm reply. "A lady may do all you have said, and yet be only a friend. You must allow me to return your gifts—if they were the exponents of such a feeling, I can neither accept nor retain them. We will consider it a simple misunderstanding."

"Do not return them," he said, with a glance of such hopeless misery that her flinty heart was touched. "They may serve to remind you hereafter of one who loved you better than life."

A hot tear fell upon the hand he held, and Bell half repented her decision.

"I have loved you as you never will be loved again," he said, trying to command himself. "I have given you the first love of a pure and manly heart, Bell, and you have scorned it. You have made me the toy of your idle moments. I forgive you—but I never wish to look upon your face again. To trust so implicitly—to believe you all that was good and true, and to be so wretchedly deceived—oh Bell—it is hard—very hard."

She sighed, and laid her hand upon his bent head with a wistful look.

"Oh, Bell!" he said, starting and looking up in her face—"is there no hope?"

She was just about to whisper "yes"—when a gentleman mounted on a splendid bay horse passed slowly by the window. It was Fitzhugh, who with a low bow, decided her life's destiny. She drew her hand from the artist's, and said coldly, but kindly—

"None. Forgive and forget me. It is best."

His glance had followed hers, and a bitter smile curled his lip, as he saw Fitzhugh spring from his saddle before the door.

"You have chosen," he said calmly. "For the wealth which I have not you have thrown aside the truest love man ever gave to woman. I will make room for my rival. May you never regret the true affection you now scorn. Good-bye, Bell—it will be many years before we shall meet again."

He lifted her hand to his lips—raised his eyes for the last time to the beautiful face that had enslaved him, and was gone.

CHAPTER II.

Think not that I shall mourn thee—my heart has cast thee forth
As a gem of matchless setting—but of no intrinsic worth—
And think not I shall ever pine thy luxury to share—
My truth asks answering truth and love—I knew it was not there!

A different destiny is mine—even now I love again
With all the warmth of early years—and best—without the pain!
Farewell! I do not speak the word, as erst, in accents low—
I loved thee then, and thou to me, art worse than nothing now!
M. W. S. G.

Five years afterwards a splendidly beautiful woman was stepping from her carriage opposite Stewart's, when a bevy of her acquaintances fluttered round her with exclamations of delight.

"Just in time, Bell," said her pretty sister-in-law. "We have been sauntering up and down here for fifteen minutes waiting for you, and now you must go with us."

With superb indifference Mrs. Fitzhugh acknowledged the low bow of her husband, who was just then hurrying up from Wall street, and allowed her companions to conduct her up two or three carpeted flights of stairs, in the building at the corner of the block, and into a softly lighted room whose walls were covered with pictures and sketches.

"Here—this is what I wanted you to see," exclaimed her sister, leading her up to a picture from which a silken curtain had been drawn aside. "Did you ever see anything more lovely?"

"Never," broke from Bell's lips. The proud and fashionable beauty was fairly aroused from her usual indifference, and while her friends flitted around the room like so many gorgeous butterflies, she stood mute and still before the painting that had moved her so.

It was a study of a young girl, apparently some seventeen years old, who sat, bending slightly forward, with her red lips parted, and her blue eyes looking straight into the gazer's face. Her soft sunny hair was parted simply over a forehead white as snow—one straight silky lock hung down upon her beautiful neck. Her face was oval—the eyebrows well arched—the cheeks blooming—and a half smile lingered round the rosebud mouth, while a look that was almost melancholy lingered in the loving eyes.

She was beautiful as a dream, but it was not simply this that fascinated Mrs. Fitzhugh so deeply. It was the look of perfect purity and peace—the childlike innocence and faith which her own proud beauty had lost forever. Worn and wearied as she was with the incessant whirl of fashionable life it was a relief and also a reproach to gaze upon a face like this, and she sighed heavily as she turned away.

"Bless me! what a doleful look!" said her sister, gaily. "Come brighten up and I'll introduce you to the artist who is coming this way. Half the women in our set are raving about him already."

Bell did not answer nor look up till the words "Mr. Loveridge Mrs. Fitzhugh" fell upon her ear. Then, with a burning blush and a sudden start which she could not repress, she found those unforgotten eyes bent fully upon her!

"I see I'm 'Madame De Trop'—I had no idea you had ever met before," said her sister, dancing away with a mischievous look as she saw the confusion of both.

The artist was the first to recover his presence of mind, and hold out his hand with a frank smile, as he said:

"Will you not welcome me home again, Mrs. Fitzhugh? Let everything be forgotten as it was forgiven long ago. I hope I see you both well and happy."

"Certainly," said Bell, with her accustomed courteous air. "I need not ask the question of you. I can read contentment in your look and the tone of your voice."

"I have won what I was striving for—wealth and fame," was the evasive answer. "I have my share of happiness—the more, because I have taught myself never to look or long for what is beyond my reach. It is an humble philosophy, lady—but, believe me, it cures many a heart ache."

She gazed stealthily after him as he left her with a low bow. He had grown manly and self-reliant, as well as handsome. His dark beard and moustache, and the curling hair that fell upon his shoulders gave him a picturesque look that pleased her artistic taste, but the lines cut deeply upon the firm mouth and chin and upon the noble brow, interested her more deeply, for she felt, instinctively, that they were her own work. She sighed, remembering that morning in the past when he laid heart and hand at her feet, and she took up a purse of gold instead. Comparing him, in his fresh, manly beauty with her husband, already grown old, and anxious and careworn in the pursuit of the "almighty dollar," she sighed again—and then shaking off all memory and thought, joined the gay group who had gathered around him. His dark blue eyes met hers with a peculiar expression—a look half pity, half curiosity, and half scorn.

She bore the scrutiny well, for she was too proud to show now that she had ever cherished a thought of him. And sinking down upon the soft cushions of a sofa, she plied her fan with languid grace and listened to the conversation kept up by those around.

"Pray tell me, Mr. Loveridge," said her restless sister, "who was the original of that beautiful painting opposite me," and she pointed to the one before which Bell had lingered so long.

The artist colored and shook his head with a good-humored smile. "I don't know that it is best to tell you, Miss Evelyn. I'm afraid you will insist on seeing the original."

"And if I do—what then?" said the spoiled beauty, saucily. "Of course you would have to produce her at once. Now be good and tell me who she is. No American lady—that kind of beauty is not our style. Come—I'm getting wild with curiosity. Don't look so irresolute, my dear sir."

"She is an English lady," said the artist, quietly.

"I knew it," was the triumphant answer. "And now, as you foretold, I want to know all about the original."

The door of a distant saloon on the same floor opened, and a fresh young voice carolled out—"Oh, Charlie, he's my darling!" The artist smiled and colored like a girl, and with a murmured, "Excuse me, ladies, for one moment," hurried towards the singer. He soon returned, but leaning on his arm, with her shawl trailing negligently on the floor, and her bonnet in her hand, was a fair young creature in whose cherub head and innocent face they were not slow to trace the original of his pet picture.

"My wife, ladies," he said, with a proud glance upon his shy young bride, and a deprecating look towards Mrs. Fitzhugh, as if he would implore her kindness for a being so fair and young and so beloved.

She did not need the silent appeal. The first shock of surprise passed without notice in the general astonishment, and she received the girlish wife with a graceful courtesy that went far to win her heart.

But Clara mingled little in the gay society that was open to her from that day. She longed for home and quiet, and her husband did not care to see the childlike purity of her mind soiled by contact with more wordly things.

So, up among "the Highlands," they are dwelling, where their cottage windows look out upon the Hudson, and the air they breathe is pure and uncontaminated as the thoughts of their young hearts.

But Mrs. Fitzhugh still leads the fashion here among us.

THE PAST.

"Of the past the old man's thoughts are,
And the maiden's of the future."

Like a traveller who has gained the summit of a hill and sits down, wearied with his journey, to trace his path backwards down to the sunny vale at his feet, the old love to turn their eyes towards the past—towards the merry days and smiling scenes and happy faces that were as sunshine to their heart in childhood and youth. The sunlight of youth reflected back to cheer the heart of age. "Auld Lang Syne" is the motto of the aged; Excelsior is the motto of the young. Youth looks to the mountain-summit glittering in all the gorgeous splendors of the morning, and sighs to clasp the splendid vision to his breast. The future fills the whole sphere of his vision; the "good time coming" is a light from futurity, dazzling his eyes, lighting his path, stirring every nerve to action. He rushes to gain the pinnacle of glory, often forgetting that it is the light of heaven which gilds the bare, rocky, mountain top.

THE HAMMER.

The hammer is the universal emblem of mechanics. With it are alike forged the sword of contention and the plough-share of peaceful agriculture—the press of the free, and the shackles of the slave. The eloquence of the forum has moved the armies of Greece and Rome, to a thousand battle-fields; but the eloquence of the hammer has covered those fields with victory or defeat. The inspiration of song has kindled high and noble aspirations in the bosoms of brave knights and gentle dames; but the inspiration of the hammer has strewn the field with tattered helmet and shield, decided not only the fate of chivalric combat, but the fate of thrones, crowns, and kingdoms. The forging of the thunderbolt was ascribed by the Greeks as the highest act of Jove's omnipotence, and their mythology beautifully ascribes to one of their gods the task of presiding at the labors of the forge. In ancient warfare, the hammer was a powerful weapon, independent of the blade which it formed. Many a stout skull was broken through the cap and helmet by the blow of Vulcan's weapon. The armies of the crescent would have subdued Europe to the sway of Mahomet; but on the plains of France their progress was arrested, and the brave and simple warrior who saved Christendom from the sway of the Musselman, was Martel—"the hammer." The hammer, the savior and the bulwark of Christendom! The hammer is the wealth of nations. By it are forged the ponderous engine and the tiny needle. It is an instrument of the savage and the civilized. Its merry clinks point out the abode of industry. It is a domestic deity, presiding over the grandeur of the most wealthy and ambitious, as the most humble and impoverished. Not a stick is shaped, not a house is raised, a ship floats, a carriage rolls, a wheel spins, an engine moves, a press squeaks, a viol sings, a spade delves, or a flag waves without the hammer. Without the hammer, civilization would be unknown, and the human species be only as defenceless brutes; but in skilful hands, directed by wisdom, it is an instrument of power, of greatness, and true glory.

CAST IRON IN THE CONSTRUCTIVE ARTS.

Cast iron may be said to be of almost universal application at the present time in the construction of buildings. No material is of greater value in all the requirements of building, machinery, and the constructive arts generally; and, when employed under the direction of men of knowledge and judgment, it fully establishes its claim to be reckoned amongst the most valuable mineral productions of the country. On the other hand, when its application is undertaken by, or intrusted to the management of the unthinking and ill-informed, who possess no knowledge of, or have not taken the trouble to make themselves acquainted with its cohesive strength and powers of resistance, it becomes in such hands a dangerous enemy, instead of a useful and powerful auxiliary. The following qualifications appear necessary to the successful pursuit of his profession by the practical architect and engineer: First, a knowledge of the strength and other properties of the materials which he employs; secondly, the skill necessary to distribute and proportion the parts in such form as will insure the maximum of strength with the minimum of material; and, lastly, in the use of cast iron and other metals, an acquaintance with the laws of expansion and contraction, in order that he may be enabled—in every construction which requires stength, and in the security of which the safety of the public is involved—to reckon with certainty upon the calculated or estimated duty of each particular casting. We commend these remarks to the attention of New York builders and architects.

THE PROGRESS OF AN INVENTION.

Those only who have tried the experiment are at all able to understand the nature of the difficulties, and the number of discouragements which cross the path of a new invention. The less it resembles anything already known, the less likely it is to obtain favor. Once in a hundred times, a novelty, at a single bound, leaps to the summit of popularity. This is an exceptive case. The other ninety-nine have to toil up the steep ascent, and they meet with many a slip, many a fall, many a failure. Why is this? Because it often happens that principles are right, whilst practice is wrong. Because many who ask advice, never intend to follow it. Because there are so many who think if they do one thing better than their neighbors, they can do everything equally well. Inventors are, of all men, the most liable to mistake their vocations. Some use their hands instead of their heads. Others take the opposite course; trusting entirely to their heads, and doing nothing with their own hands, nor, what would be still better, directing the hands of others. This is not the worst that can be said. There are many who never know when to stop; spoiling many a good thought, and making a jumble of many an original idea, by efforts for its improvement. These are the mere schemers, who have no very exact conceptions of their own, and who, therefore, find great difficulty in imparting correct views to others.

☞ "A SUBSCRIBER," writing from Hartford, asks us a question which, for her sake, we will not make public. In answer, we might say, if we felt inclined to be mischievous, that our fair correspondent's tongue would probably be the best substitute which art and nature combined could supply for her pet's missing member.

A RAT CATCHER ON RATS.—"One pair of rats," he says, "with their progeny, will produce in three years no less a number than 646,808 rats, which will consume day by day as much food as 64,680 men, leaving eight rats to starve."

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN WORSHIP.

The swarms of fierce and noxious serpents by which Egypt was formerly infested were so great as to render certain regions of the country impassable. Josephus relates that Moses, as general of the Egyptians against the Ethiopians, surprised the enemy, who was devasting Egypt, by traversing certain tracts of the country, which were difficult to be passed, in consequence of the vast number of serpents, some of which were of unusual fierceness, and rising up and flying in the air, attacked men unawares, and did them much injury. This, he says, was accomplished by taking with them great numbers of the Ibis, in baskets like arks of sedge, which, being let out in the infested places, cleared a passage for the army by devouring the serpents. It is evident that Egypt would have been infested by them to a degree altogether intolerable to man, had they not been kept down by the Ibis. It appears to have been from this kind of serpent that the Isrealites in the wilderness suffered; as related in the twenty-first chapter of Numbers. Herodotus describes this flying serpent, which is also mentioned as a flying animal, in the sixth verse of the twentieth chapter of Isaiah, as having wings like those of a bat. In the fertile times of Egypt, the progress of life rushed forward with such stupendous precipitation, that the waters of the Nile would have been overwhelmed, polluted, and rendered unfit for use, by the myriads of living creatures, had not the excessive rapidity of their increase been limited, principally by a sufficient number of crocodiles; which destroyed them in great numbers. Ancient historians also relate that the cities of Egypt would have been rendered absolutely uninhabitable, by the wonderfully rapid increase of mice, had not provision, by means of the cat, been made to obviate such a calamity. Diodorus Siculus speaks particularly of the unaccountable myriads of mice by which Thebes was infested. Mice, when existing under unnatural circumstances, in such vast crowds, fall into a very diseased condition, and cause a most intolerable and unwholesome stench. They are very liable to a cancerous disease of the mouth, in which there is a softening and deformation of the jaw-bone, displacing the teeth and rendering them so loose as to be entirely useless. This disease must terminate fatally; it resembles that which afflicts the human race, for the relief of which that formidable operation, the section and removal of a part of the jaw-bone is practised: it is apparently occasioned by the salt food in which they delight.

"Therefore the wise men of Egypt rightly and piously esteemed these three creatures, as gifts and blessings which they received as remedies against the terrific calamities to which they would otherwise have been exposed; hence they taught the people to revere and love the Ibis, the Crocodile, and the Cat, as sacred animals."

LAW.

"Our first thoughts of law, before it becomes a matter of speculation with us, are connected with its restraints, not with the advantages derived from these restraints. As far as the law is from within—the voice of God echoed in the human heart—a principal coexistent with man, susceptible of new development with each advance of civilization—it is a language pointing out our own duties, not suggesting to us the rewards which arise from their performance. As far as it is from without—the imperative language of the legislator, addressing all, regarding all as possible offenders—its language is necessarily of menace. The sanctions, which it proclaims as guards of its decress and ordinances, are punishments, not rewards. The imagination is seized and preoccupied by this language. We think of law but in its terrors. We do not remember that by it, and by it alone, can society, with all its artificial relations, subsist. We forget that it is the protection from violence of others which renders possible for us the indulgence of the thousand almost capricious enjoyments which each day brings round us in increasing abundance. What hundreds and thousands are there who live happily and peaceably, and yet whose happiness and peace would be wholly impossible but for that unseen dominion of law which prevents any interference with their comforts, while they move on within their unambitious circle of domestic duties, quiet enjoyments, and inoffensive hopes. They have known and obeyed law under the name and with the feeling of religion. When we think of the wickedness of men, of the inordinate passion everywhere at work, the possibility of society continuing to exist, for the most part progressive too in good—for such, with occasional and doubtful exception, is the history of man—we think of ourselves and society as if there was for ever going on around us—as there is—the agency of God, which we at times almost see visibly revealed. There is a passage in the Hebrew Scriptures which from my earliest childhood always impressed me as one of singular beauty. Elisha is in a situation that seems of great danger. A hostile army encompasses the city where he is, and he is the object of their leader's vengeance; 'and his servant said unto him, 'Alas! my master, how shall we do?' And he answered, 'Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.' And the prophet prayed and said, 'Lord I pray thee to open the eyes of this young man;' and he saw, and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.'"

SPECIFIC GRAVITIES OF MINERALS.—Platinum has the greatest specific gravity, and is, consequently, the least in bulk; gold next; then, in a nearly regular gradation, lead, mercury, silver, bismuth, copper, iron, tin, and antimony; and then sodium and potassium, the two last being, at least, twenty times the bulk of platinum.

UNBOUGHT LOVE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

There lived in the East a gentle maid,
And in soul she was like the lark;
For she smiled with joy in life's sunny hour
And wept when the sky grew dark;
And all things around, beneath and above,
Proclaimed her a being for mortals to love.

There came one day to her humble cot,
A youth who was rich in gold;
And he proudly asked in a scoffing tone
If her love to him could be sold;
"I have wealth which will buy thee pomp and pride,
And houses and lands, and jewels beside."

The father wept at the stranger's words,
And his voice grew stern and cold;
As he cried "my daughter spurns thy gifts
And the old man scorns thy gold;
For not indeed all the riches of earth,
Can purchase her love, her virtue and worth."

The stranger left with a haughty mien,
And a wandering beggar came;
He could not boast of his jewels rare,
But he could of an honest name;
He possessed no gold like the wealthy youth,
But was rich in honor and noble truth.

The old man gazed on his noble face,
And he saw him weep and pine;
And he said "my brother, I think that thou
Would'st ask for this girl of mine;
If so—though she is the world to me,
Freely indeed I yield her to thee."

Then the stranger spoke in sorrowing tones,
"I must from this Eden depart,
No wealth can I give for your jewel rare,
I have nought but an honest heart;"
And his eyes filled with the falling tears,
Which sprung at the thought of his untold fears.

The old man watch'd his blue eye sink,
And said, as he seized his hand,
"I would not barter my daughter's heart
For the wealth of famed Ophir's land;
But to honor and truth I yield it free,
And freely its treasures give unto thee."

Oh! would this world had never a mart,
Where love could be bought or sold;
For a heavenly thing is a woman's heart,
And an earthly thing is gold;
And heavenly things of honor and worth,
Should never be bought by base dross of earth.

BALTIMORE, Md., April, 1856.

FIGHTING THE TIGER;

OR,

A GREEN HAND'S FIRST "CRUISE."

BY WILL WHISTLECRAFT.

A back parlor; in the front room adjoining, a supper-table loaded with plate and china, magnificent viands and rich wines; several men, old and young, sit lazily around it, occasionally sipping or tasting.

In the inner room is a table about five feet by three, covered with green baize, and having on it a raised platform occupying most of its area, and about two inches high. Upon this platform are fastened, singly, face upwards, a number of playing cards.

That is a Faro Table, or Faro Bank; in slang metaphor called the Tiger; and those who engage in the hopeless business of gambling there, are said to be "Fighting the Tiger." They might as well be fighting a whole desert of wild beasts.

Behind the table sits one who might be called the President of the Faro Bank; a dark-faced man with heavy black whiskers, and a hat pulled over his brows, from beneath whose brim he looks up and out at those around him with dead sly glances. Several persons are putting money or counters down amongst the cards on the table. The President deals two cards out of a peculiarly-shaped silver box; some of the bystanders take counters or money; the President sweeps some of both to his own side of the table. Then they lay more money down, he deals two cards more, and so the game goes on. His face is immovable, passionless; theirs are eager, excited, varying from delight to horror, during the rapid progress of the game.

"Come along, Harry. I'm bound out, on a *cruise*."

"Thank you. I've a deed to draft, and then I must do some reading. I'll call for you tomorrow at noon, if you'll take a look at some of the courts with me."

"Very well—at my room then. Good night. I'm bound to see all the sights, elephant and all."

So saying, Arthur Williams departed from the hotel, singing an operatic air; while Harry Taft, document in hand, retired to his room.

Taft is a young lawyer in New York city, in good increasing practice. Williams, the son of a gentleman formerly a city merchant, now living at a distance, is in the great city on his first collecting trip for his father, who yet owns property within its limits.

The night wanes. In the two parlors, one devoted to the splendid table and the rich meats and wines, and the other to the gambling apparatus, there is heavy yellow light, soft speech, almost silence; for the small betters, who operate early, are gone, and the serious business has begun—the business of the men who risk from fifty to five hundred dollars on a card.

A ring at the outer door. It is opened, as by an invisible hand. Arthur Williams enters. But there is an inner door. That also opens; a keen looking man, holding it ajar, eyes him rapidly from head to foot, "He's green," he mutters inaudibly, and then says, aloud:

"Walk in, sir."

He enters the hall; is passing dubiously forward past the door—for it is his first visit. But a bland old gentleman at the supper table espies him, and calls out in a pleasant voice—

"This way, sir, this way. Take some supper, sir?"

"Not any at present, thank you."

And Arthur, who has long had a secret desire to see for himself what gambling is, saunters into the inner room, and watches the game; the general mode of conducting which is known to him. A well-dressed young man with diamond ring and breast pin politely accosts him.

"There! That's the third lift. Did you notice that, sir?"

"Yes, I did," answered Arthur, pleased with the easy smile of the young man; and they went on interchanging remarks about the game.

The bank seemed to suffer. The young fellow with the jewelry noticed it. "Come," he said to Arthur, "don't you see that? I'm going in." And he put a bill on one of the spaces amongst the cards. One, two, the President dealt off, licking his finger. And he shoved some counters over to Arthur's new acquaintance, who returned his bill to his pocket, and played on with the counters.

He wins, and wins, winking occasionally at Williams, who begins to be seized with the mysterious frenzy of gambling. His friend suddenly springs up and demands money for his counters. The silent President gives it, as marked on the round ivory discs.

"There's no use in running down your luck," he says, and adds, "Sit down and take some supper, won't you? I'm growing hungry."

Arthur consents; they eat meat and drink wine; and having supped plentifully, and laughed and chatted together, making rapid advances in their easy young man's friendship, at last they return to the inner room.

"Try *your* chance this time," urges the winner. And Arthur Williams, taking out a well-filled wallet, deposits a bill on the wicked table. As he does so, the President and friend, both of whom have seen his money, exchange a single, instantaneous glance. Arthur wins; then loses; grows hot with the damnable excitement of the place; hazards more and more; eats no more, but drinks; makes side bets with his new acquaintance. When he leaves the room, the same man goes with him, steadies his staggering steps to the hotel, and sees him safely upstairs to his room, where the foolish youth falls into a heavy sottish slumber.

The sun is climbing high in the heavens. There is a knock at Arthur's door; and another and another, before the sleeper awakes from his unrefreshing and uneasy rest. At last he says, indistinctly:

"Come in!" and then remembering where he is, arises, throws on a dressing-gown, and unlocks the door. It is his friend of last night's and this morning's gaming.

"How d'ye do?" he says, with the same easy smile. "You rather *worked* me last night, I think. But those things must always be paid up. So I'm on hand with the little amount."

And drawing money from his pocket, he counted out nearly three hundred dollars upon the table before the bewildered Williams, and added:

"There. That's it, isn't it? You must come round again and give me my revenge. You are a keen man on a bet!"

And he laughed again.

"I don't know what you mean," said Williams, astonished. "I squared up all round before I left last evening. You don't owe me anything."

"I don't *now*," answered the other, with the easy laugh. "I *did* though; you won two hundred and seventy odd dollars of me, right straight along on side bets. I hadn't the cash, and so we agreed that I should pay up this morning."

Arthur was altogether confounded, for he had no such recollection; and he would utterly have refused to take the money; but his new friend was so free and hearty and earnest about it, and looked so hurt at his refusal—and withal he could not for the life of him, though half ashamed at the thought, avoid the reflection that a large sum of money, pressed upon him and asserted to be his, was waiting acceptance—that at last he actually accepted it, and putting it in his pocket, half promised to call again at the gambler's den.

"I'll be there," said the young man, who had named himself to Arthur as John Livingston. "To-night? No! Never mind, I'm there pretty often. Good day;" and he departed.

Rap, rap, rap, again; almost before Livingston could have reached the sidewalk. "Come in!" and there re-entered Livingston, and with him another "gentleman" of the same school, but a larger, heavier and fiercer looking man.

"Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Williams," said Livingston. "Perhaps you didn't hear his name last evening."

No, Arthur didn't; but he said, with a queer indistinct sensation at his heart, that he was happy to see Mr. Mitchell, and wouldn't Mr. Mitchell sit down?

He would; and he and Livingston, with some little assistance from Arthur, kept up a lively conversation for a few minutes, when Mitchell, looking at his watch, said,

"Well, I must go. It was to be cash, was it not, Mr. Williams?"

"Cash? what?"

"The amount that you lost to me in betting last evening, of course."

"I really—upon my word I don't understand you," stammered the young man, blushing and half-frightened.

Mitchell began to bluster.

"Don't understand me? You won near three hundred dollars of Livingston here, and lost fifteen hundred to me, by memorandum in my betting book. He has paid up and I expect you to. That was the understanding last evening. Warn't it, Livingston?"

Livingston declared that it certainly was, and that he also could witness the truth of Mr. Mitchell's memorandum.

Williams was in a perfect agony. In the perplexity of his soul he proposed to return Livingston his three hundred dollars, and to be quit of the whole concern. At this however the two visitors laughed; Livingston pleasantly and Mitchell fiercely; and this latter personage, growing fiercer and fiercer, talked about a thorough punishment for sneaks that thought they were to take all they won and pay nothing they lost; and he threatened and swore pretty terribly. Livingston acted the part of a wise adviser. He recommended Williams to pay the amount, as it was fairly lost, and to come round again to get his revenge. He said there really didn't seem to be any other way, and he rather jeered at any backing out.

"But, gentlemen," expostulated the unhappy Williams, "The money I have is almost all my father's."

"I don't know anything about that," said Mitchell, grimly. "You owe me the money, and I expect you'll pay it."

After even descending to entreaties, the foolish frightened fellow paid them the amount they claimed, and when they had gone, fairly fell to crying at his disgrace and loss. How should he account to his venerable father for the money? how confess the wicked folly of his yielding?

Rap, rap, rap! again. Arthur does not answer; but the strong voice of Harry Taft hails him from without.

"Arthur! are you there?" and he answers, sadly,

"Come in."

And Harry enters, but stops short in astonishment.

"What's the matter, Williams?"

With shame and confusion, Arthur tells his story. Harry is silent for a few moments, and then telling Arthur to stay where he is until his return he leaves the room.

Harry Taft hastens to the outer door of the hotel, and looking quickly up and down the street, he discerns, leaning against the wall near by, a thickset man in a blue coat and a black glazed cap. It is a policeman. Approaching him quietly, Henry addresses him,

"Ah, Mr. Harson, you're generally here, I believe. Anything new?"

The policeman answers as to an acquaintance, readily and with a friendly but official smile,

"Not much, Mr. Taft. There were two flash men just went out, and they looked dreadfully tickled. I reckon they've got some game up."

"Which way did they go?" inquired Taft, eagerly. "They are the men."

"Mitchell told Livingston to come down to the Marlboro' and take a drink," answered the officer.

They conversed a few minutes longer; and then, arm-in-arm, proceeded at a rapid pace to the restaurant, and entered it; but the two gamblers were not to be seen. "Give us a couple of bowls of oysters," said Taft to the officer; and while waiting, they walked carelessly up and down between the two ranges of stalls in which customers were won't to eat and drink. From one of these there issued low voices; and the officer, nudging Taft, noiselessly drew aside the curtain of the next recess, and they sat down in silence. The voices proceeded.

"Pretty good," said one, "considering you weren't on the ground at the time." It was Livingston, and the officer nodded to Taft.

"Yes," answered Mitchell. "That's the first time I ever betted and won fifteen hundred dollars in New York while I was in New Jersey. He won't try to *fight the tiger* again, I guess."

"It's d—— lucky you came over this morning," replied the other. "I shouldn't have known how to make the plant."

"Nor you wouldn't have been so —— —— particular about paying your just debts either, would you, you dog?"

And they laughed; but immediately their voices sank again, and they conversed in whispers.

The policeman nodded again. He and Taft both rose, and passing out, drew the curtains from before the stall where the gamblers sat. The two men looked up in anger at the intrusion; but upon seeing the policeman, their faces became very dubious.

"Good morning, gents," said Officer Harson, "Sorry to trouble you; but you are my prisoners, on a charge of swindling and gambling, contrary to statoot."

Mitchell's hand sank beneath the table; but upon the officer's drawing a revolver, he sulkily withdrew it, and sat silent.

"You see," continued the policeman, "Lawyer Taft and I heard them remarks o' yourn about bein' out of the city. But all we want is the cash; so if you'll just hand that over, we won't proceed on the charge."

Livingston sulkily inquired if he was to lose his money?

"No, keep it. Or get it of Mitchell. Or any way you like. Mr. Taft don't want that greenhorn to make anything by gambling, nor to lose; so if you'll turn out twelve hundred and twenty-eight dollars, you can go. If you don't, why I don't see but your place'll have to be looked into."

With a very bad grace they disgorged their ill-gotten gains; and Taft hastened back to Williams with the news and the money. Arthur received him with unbounded thankfulness.

"Well," said Harry, "as it happened, it cost me no trouble. But you've 'seen the elephant,' have you?"

"Seen him, and too much of him," answered Williams. "But 'tis much safer to see the elephant than to *Fight the Tiger*."

Arthur Williams' liking for gambling was entirely cured; and although he he has been in the city more than once since that day, his "cruising" is over.

WORDS.—"Words, words, words!" says Hamlet, disparagingly. But God preserve us from the destructive power of words! There are words which can separate hearts sooner than sharp swords. There are words whose sting can remain in the heart through a whole life!

FEMALE STRATEGEM.

AN ARABIAN STORY.

It is related that a young man of graceful stature and beautiful countenance resided formerly at Bagdad, where he was most distinguished among the sons of the merchants. One day, while he sat in his shop, a lovely damsel approached; having looked at him she perceived written over his door these words: "There is no cunning equal to that of men, since it surpasses the cunning of women."

"By my veil, then, I swear," said she, "this man shall be the sport of female cunning, and he shall change this inscription."

On the next day she returned most richly dressed, and attended by many slaves—under pretence of purchasing some article, she seated herself in the young man's shop.

"You have beheld," said she, "the gracefulness of my person; can any one presume to affirm that I am humpbacked?" at the same time she uncovered part of her bosom.

The young merchant was fascinated.

"I appeal to you," continued she, "whether I am not well formed;" she then showed him her finely-turned arm, and her face, which in beauty equalled the moon when near its fourteenth night, saying, "are these features marked with small-pox? or, who shall dare to insinuate that I have lost the use of one eye?"

The merchant requested to know her reasons for thus exposing to his view so many charms, generally concealed under a veil.

"Sir," said she, "I am rendered miserable through the tyranny of my father, a sordid, avaricious man, who though abounding with riches, will not expend the smallest trifle to establish me in matrimony."

"Who is thy father?" inquired the merchant.

"He is the Grand Cadhy," replied she, and then departed.

The young man, in a transport of astonishment and love, shut up the doors of his shop, and hastened to the tribunal, where he found the magistrate.

"I come, sir," exclaimed he, "to demand in marriage your daughter, of whom I am enamored."

"She is not worthy," replied the judge, "of so handsome and so amiable a mate."

"She pleases me," said the young man, "do not oppose my wishes."

A contract was immediately concluded; the merchant agreed to pay five purses before the nuptials, and settled fifteen as a jointure. The father still represented how unsuitable the bride would prove, but the young man insisted that the nuptials should be celebrated without delay, and on the next night he was admitted to the chamber of his bride. But when he had removed the veil that covered her face, he beheld such an object!—may the Lord defend us from the sight of so much ugliness! for in her was comprised everything completely hideous. He passed the night as if he had been in the prisons of *Deylem*, among the monstrous demons.

At dawn of day he repaired to a bath, and having performed his ablutions, he returned to his shop, and refreshed himself with coffee; many of his acquaintance passing by, amused themselves with jokes respecting the charms of his bride.

At length the lovely form of her who had contrived this affair, appeared before him. She was more richly and voluptuously ornamented than on the preceding interview; so that a crowd of persons stopped in the street to gaze on her.

"May this day," said she, "be auspicious to thee, my dear *Olueddyn*; may God protect and bless thee!"

The young man's face expressed the sadness of his heart.

"How have I injured thee," replied he, "that thou hast in this manner made me the object of thy sport?"

"From thee," answered the beautiful stranger, "I have not experienced any affront, but if thou wilt reverse the inscription over thy door, I will engage to extricate thee from every difficulty."

The merchant instantly despatched a slave, desiring him to procure from a certain writer, an inscription in letters of blue and gold expressing, "There is no cunning equal to that of woman, since it surpasses and confounds that of men."

The inscription was soon traced, and brought by the slave to the master, who placed it over the door of the shop.

Then, by the advice of the fair damsel, he went to a place near the citadel, where he concerted with the public dancers, bear-leaders, and those who exhibit the tricks of monkeys: in consequence of which, while he was sitting the next morning, drinking coffee with his father-in-law, the Cadhy, they came before him, with a thousand congratulations, styling him cousin; the young merchant immediately scattered among them handfuls of money.

The judge was astonished, and asked several questions.

"My father," said the young man, "was a leader of bears and monkeys; such has been the profession of my family; but having acquired some wealth, we now carry on the business of merchants with considerable success."

"But dost thou still," asked the judge, "belong to this company of bear-leaders?"

"I must not renounce my family," replied the young man, "for the sake of thy daughter."

"But it is not fit," exclaimed the judge, "that such persons should espouse the daughter of one who, seated on a carpet, pronounces the decisions of law: one whose pedigree ascends even to the relations of our prophet."

"But, my good father-in-law," said the merchant, "recollect that thy daughter is my legitimate wife; that I value each hair of her head as much as a thousand lives; that for all the kingdoms of the world I would not consent to be separated from her."

At last, however, a divorce was formally executed; the money which the merchant had settled was returned; and he, having applied to the parents of her who had contrived this stratagem, obtained the lovely damsel in marriage, and during a long succession of years enjoyed the utmost conjugal felicity.

WHAT UNCLE JOHN THINKS OF US.

During the last thirty years, says the London Athenæum, material power has been developed equally with population in the United States of America. Great Britain alone excepted, no state in Europe could now maintain equal armaments in the field for any length of time. This marvellous growth is deranging all the old traditions of "balance of power." America is not only a first-class state—in a few years, if no internal disorder shall occur, she will be the greatest of all. Should the 1840–50 rate of increase be maintained for fifty years, the population will then amount to 190,000,000—nearly equal to that of the whole of continental Europe! Were it possible to conceive the same ratio maintained for another fifty years, the census of 1950 would give the astounding number of 1,696,000,000! German wars and French revolutions sink into complete insignificance by the side of considerations like these. With such a comment, how well we may understand the "roars of laughter" with which the American Senate recently received the menaces of Britain! When the United States shook off the yoke of England, their people numbered no more than 3,000,000; when they were last measured against a European power, they were not more than 8,000,000. Ten years hence they will be equal to France or Austria. There hardly seems to be a limit to their growth. The valley of the Mississippi would alone support the whole population of Europe. In its vast basin nations are now growing up as if at the bidding of enchantment. The valley already contains about thirteen millions of inhabitants; at the beginning of this century it did not contain as many thousands! There is a moral as well as a material grandeur in this great movement of the Saxon race—marching on from conquest to conquest, absorbing into itself less energetic stocks, and planting from ocean to ocean the freest institutions ever adopted by nations. America is destined for its sole inheritance; the Spaniard and the Portuguese will disappear as surely as the Gaul, the Dane and the Hollander have disappeared—and two centuries hence the English tongue will, no doubt, be spoken from the Cape of Storms to the Frozen Oceans of the North.

EVILS OF OVERGOVERNING.

The eternal looking up to government to do this and that is the curse of France. You are told that government ought to lend money to anybody who wanted it, and could give security that he would pay one per cent. interest—that government ought to fix the price of all commodities, and settle the remuneration for all kinds of services. In fact, it would hardly surprise anybody who knows the turn of the French mind on this subject, to hear that government ought to darn all Frenchmen's stockings and cut all Frenchmen's corns. The legion of "functionaries"—infinitessimal official personages—who infest France, and who have their fingers in every species of pie—dirt and otherwise—have at last succeeded in making the country believe that they are indispensable to its progress. These jacks in office have managed to persuade France that were there no flies in amber, there would be no amber for the flies to get into; and the result is, that the good folks are firmly persuaded that *la belle France* would somehow dissolve beneath them were there no Messieurs les Prefects, Messieurs les Maires, or Messieurs les Adjoints du Maire, to keep the earth from opening and the sky from tumbling. It was irreverently said of a certain actress, that she took a great deal of raining. France certainly takes a great deal of governing. A man can hardly stir without running tilt against some of the "authorities;" but there is balm in Gilead—and if he be imprisoned for saying that the President has a long nose, or that the eagle he let loose at Boulogne flew into a sausage-shop, he has always the consolation of knowing that *Liberte, Egalite* and *Fraternite* are witten in big letters on the jail door.

CONTRIVANCE.—As Dr. Darwin was walking one day in his garden he perceived a wasp upon the gravel walk with a large fly, nearly as big as itself, which it had caught. Kneeling down, he distinctly saw it cut off the head and abdomen, and then taking up with his feet the trunk or middle portion of the body, to which the wings remained attached, fly away; but a breeze of wind, acting on the wings of the fly, turned round the wasp with its burden, and impeded its progress. Upon this, it alighted again on the gravel walk, deliberately sawed off first one wing, and then the other, and having thus removed the cause of its embarrassment, flew off with its booty.

IN the arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamison asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles.

A MUSKET BALL may be fired through a pane of glass making a hole the size of the ball without cracking the glass; if the glass be suspended by a thread, it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate.

WHEN a native of Java has a child born, he immediately plants a cocoa-tree, which, adding a circle every year to its bark indicates the age of the child. The child, in consequence, regards the tree with affection all the rest of its life.

YOU AND I.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Who would scorn his humble fellow
For the coat he wears?
For the poverty he suffers?
For his daily cares?
Who would pass him in the footway
With averted eye?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

Who, when vice or crime repentant,
With a grief sincere
Asked for pardon, would refuse it—
More than heaven severe?
Who to erring woman's sorrow
Would with taunts reply?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

Would you say that six days' cheating
In the shop or mart
Might be rubbed by Sunday praying
From the tainted heart,
If the Sunday face were solemn,
And the credit high?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

Who would say that Vice is Virtue
In a hall of state?
Or that rogues are not dishonest
If they dine off plate?
Who would say Success and Merit
Ne'er part company?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

Who would lend his arm to strengthen
Warfare with the right?
Who would give his pen to blacken
Freedom's page of light?
Who would lend his tongue to utter
Praise of tyranny?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not *I*.

THE DEAD MAN'S INN.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It was towards night on a dull, cloudy day of the latter part of November that I found myself in front of a dingy looking inn in the South-western part of Mississippi. I dismounted and threw my horse's bridle-rein over a post, and then made my way into the house. The building was of hewn timber, halved together at the corners, and I found that the only finish within consisted of coarse brown paper pasted upon the walls. The landlord's name was Job Blackthorn. He was a short, stout, square-built, bull-dog looking fellow, somewhere about five-and-forty years of age, and possessed a face the complexion and expression of which was half way between that of a Crow Indian and a very poor white man. I asked him how far it was to the next town, and he told me 'twas too far for me to reach it that night. And when I pressed him for a more definite answer he told me 'twas something over ten miles.

When I first dismounted I had intended to remain there over night, but I began to waver now that I had seen the host and his house. To tell the plain truth, I did not like the looks of things. I saw a negro, whom Blackthorn called Joe, that looked worse, if anything, than his master, and I soon made up my mind that I would ride the next ten miles that night rather than remain there. So I simply asked the host for a glass of spirit, at the same time informing him that my business would force me to push on. He remonstrated—assured me that a severe storm was close at hand—road bad—dark night, and so on. But I pretended that my business was imperative, and that I should make the trial, at all events. He gave up with a bad grace, though I detected something in his eye which had a hopeful meaning. He went out after the spirit, and when he returned he placed a common junk bottle upon the rough counter, and informed me that it contained the best of whiskey. I poured out a glass, but the moment I placed it to my lips I detected the presence of some drug, and in a moment when his eye was turned I poured the stuff into the water pitcher, and then clapped the glass to my lips as though in the act of draining the last drop. I paid for the liquor, and then turned from the place.

In a few moments more I was in my saddle and on my way. At the distance of half a mile I came to a piece of wood, and just as I entered it the sun sank from sight. I had hardly entered the wood when I heard the tramp of horse's feet behind me, and on turning I could just distinguish the negro Joe upon horseback galloping after me. In a moment it flashed upon my mind that Blackthorn supposed I had taken his accursed drug, and that the negro had been sent to overhaul and rob me. So I just gave my horse a touch of the rowels, and he started into a gallop. I had no fear of being overtaken, for my horse was a noble one.

Night settled down dark and drear, but my horse kept the road; and ever and anon, as I turned my head I could hear the tramp behind me. At length I cleared the wood, and soon afterwards I lost the sound of the negro's horse. And, furthermore, I was very agreeably surprised upon finding the village only a short distance ahead, as I could tell by the numerous lights that twinkled through the gloom. The village was really only about six miles distant from the old inn, and ere long I was ensconced in a tavern that gave me some promise of comfort. I found quite a company assembled here, and upon inquiry I learned that the circuit court was in session.

On the following morning I took an early walk, and found the village quite a thriving one, it being located within a few miles of the Mississippi, and upon a navigable stream which emptied into that parent river. After breakfast I was informed that a young man was to be tried for murder, and as I had nothing else in particular to do I concluded to attend.

The circumstances of the case were as follows:—The prisoner, whose name was Henry Rosveldt, had been in company on the road with a peddler named Austin Stanton, the latter being a man near fifty years of age, and who had been known in that vicinity for several years. He had been in the habit of carrying two tin trunks suspended by a strap over his shoulders, and selling such articles as he could thus carry,—sometimes watches, knives, combs, razors, pistols, &c. About a week before, Stanton had arrived, one evening, at Job Blackthorn's inn, in company with Rosveldt. The latter only remained at the inn long enough to get a glass of whiskey, and then he started on, while the peddler said he should remain behind, as he was not well. On the following morning the peddler was found in the woods brutally murdered, his head having been nearly severed from his body. His trunks were by his side, but rifled of everything of any value. He was found by means of his dog, the faithful animal having remained howling by the side of his dead master. And the dog, too, gave signs of hard treatment, having evidently received a severe blow upon the head.

Blackthorn was called upon, and he swore that the peddler did not remain in his house five minutes after his companion had left—that he drank a good stiff glass of whiskey, and felt so much better that he said he'd go on and overtake Rosveldt. The old inn was thoroughly searched, and so were all the out-buildings, but not a thing could be found of a suspicious character. The next move was to apprehend Rosveldt; and upon his person were found two gold watches which had belonged to Stanton, and also Stanton's pocket-book, containing over a thousand dollars! This was gloomy proof for the young man.

But Henry Rosveldt told his story in this wise:—He said that he had been acquainted with Stanton several years, and had done considerable business for him in the way of receiving money and purchasing goods and sending them on. On the evening before the murder, when they came near to Blackthorn's inn, Stanton told him that he was too faint and weak to keep on to the town, and should have to stop at the old inn. But he had little confidence in Blackthorn's honesty, and wished his companion to take his pocket-book, with the bulk of his money, and also his gold wares, and carry them on, as he had no doubt he should be able to follow, the next morning. And since that time he had not seen the peddler until he saw him dead.

The trial came on, and Rosveldt was placed in the prisoner's box. He was a young man, not over thirty, and had a face too mild and frank for a robber. He was pale and wan, for the evidence was strong against him. Job Blackthorn was called upon the stand, and he testified to what we have already related. Then came the negro, Joe. His evidence was the same, and no amount of cross-questioning could shake him. He swore that within five minutes after the prisoner left the inn on the evening in question the peddler followed him upon the run, and must have caught him before he reached the wood.

Rosveldt was allowed to tell his own story, but it seemed to have but little influence, for any murderer could have readily planned such a defence. About the only thing that worked in his favor was the dark suspicion that had long been held against Blackthorn. He was known to be a reckless, murderous fellow, and his inn was shunned by all who knew him. And furthermore, several men had mysteriously disappeared who were known to have been somewhere in the vicinity of his place when last seen. But though his house had been repeatedly searched, yet no clue to anything out of the way could be found.

The case seemed about finished when the prisoner whispered to his counsel, and thereupon some of the witnesses were called back upon the stand.

"You were out in the wood and saw where the dead body lay?" the lawyer asked.

The witness answered in the affirmative.

"Now did you notice much blood upon the ground?"

"No, sir—not hardly any."

And this same answer was returned by all who had taken any notice of the fact.

"Then," returned the lawyer, "it seems evident enough that the man was not murdered upon the spot where his body was found; for we all know that the amount of blood which must have flowed from that man would have been very plainly seen had it flowed there, for you know every vein and artery of the neck was severed."

This created some excitement among the crowd; but the next words of the counsel produced more.

"Your honor," he said, addressing the court, "I am about to ask of you a curious favor. You are aware that the peddler had a dog—one which had accompanied him several years. That dog was with his master on that night, and has since manifested the utmost uneasiness whenever he could get near the prisoner—not a vengeful manifestation, but an imploring one. You have had the dog sent out of the court-room this morning. Now, sir, nothing is too much to ask where the life of an innocent man is at stake. If this dog is as intelligent as some dogs are he may conduct his friend, the prisoner, to the very spot where his master was murdered. It is most plain that the murder was not done where the body was found. Now, sir, I ask you that the test may be tried. Let the Sheriff and his assistants take charge of the prisoner, and see if the dog will lead them away. I ask it, your honor, as the last chance for the life of an innocent, unoffending man."

The counsel for the prosecution did not object, nor did the court object. In fact, there was a strange hope that other things might thus be brought to light! Blackthorn scouted the idea to those who stood near him, but he did not speak aloud. The dog was sent for, and as the animal came in Blackthorn caught him, and would have plunged a knife to his heart had not a stout boatman close by knocked the blow up. On the next moment the dark innkeeper was secured, and people now began to feel sure he was the villain and murderer!

The dog went immediately to where the prisoner sat, and having gazed into his face a moment he leaped up and began to whine most piteously. After this Rosveldt was released from his shackles and allowed to come out, and as the dog saw that he was to be followed he fairly leaped with joy. Ere long all was ready, and the party set off, the prisoner and Sheriff following the dog, and the rest coming after to the number of over a hundred, Blackthorn being led in the rear, with his arms pinioned.

And thus they pursued their way, I keeping close by the prisoner. The dog did not stop where the dead body was found. He simply looked that way and gave a fearful, melancholy howl, and then kept on; nor did he stop again until he reached the old inn; and as soon as the front door was opened for him he sprang in with a loud yell and ran up stairs. We followed him up, and when he stopped it was at the end of the narrow entry, or passage, which ran between the chambers. There were four of these chambers, with two beds in each, two upon each side of this passage, and the end of the passage where the dog had stopped, seemed to stop at the wall of the house—the back wall. There were the hewn timbers all in sight, the seams stuffed with rags, as at the front end. Yet the dog leaped up against them, tried to bite them, and seemed crazy to make his way through. Some of the men were sent around to see what was on the other side of the wall; and having noticed that this passage was in the centre of the house they went out.

Upon going to the back yard they found a barn, or stable, which set close up against the back of the house, and upon entering this they found that a square mow of hay was neatly piled away against that part of the barn which came against the centre of the house. One of them thought of trying this mow of hay. A long stick was procured, and one end sharpened with a knife, and with this they probed the hay. The stick entered some three feet, and then struck a solid body!

Away they went to report what they had discovered. They found the Sheriff in the passage, and they told him the story.

"There must be an apartment here somewhere," said the spokesman, "for there's room for it. Just against here there is a large mow of hay, very neatly piled away, and looking as innocent as can be; but at the depth of three feet we came to a solid partition."

"Ho! ho!" was the shout.

Axes were sent for, but before they came the secret was discovered. A brace overhead was found to be loose, and upon removing it the partition shook, and shortly afterwards one of the men gave it a shove and slid it part way off. Thus the whole section of hewn timber, which faced the end of the passage, was slid away into the next chamber, and beyond this was seen a regular door just like the other chamber doors. The two walls of the passage had concealed the cracks where this sliding door met the outer wall of the house.

The door thus revealed was easily opened, and beyond was found a small room with a bed in it. The floor was covered with a coarse carpet, and upon taking up that the rough boards beneath were found to be covered with blood! A closet in one corner was broken open by means of an axe which had arrived, and a cry of horror escaped the lips of those who were the first to look in. There—within the closet—were found a heap of bed-clothes soaked in blood!—a bloody hatchet; a large knife; a pail half full of clotted blood; and upon some shelves were found not only the goods which had been stolen from the peddler, but many other articles, some of which were recognised as having belonged to men who had disappeared on former occasions!

And all this while the dog was jumping about and howling most piteously, as though he expected we could bring his master back to him.

This apartment was ingeniously contrived, and I doubt if human agency, unaided, would ever have discovered it. When in the house that section of the timber wall seemed only a part of all the rest; and when in the stable the mow of hay was too honest and simple in appearance to excite suspicion.

But it was out now. When Blackthorn had a lodger whom he thought it worth while to rob he could slide away the timber partition, and they would then enter the chamber without suspicion. There the work of death could be done, and the marks removed at leisure.

The party moved back to the town, and Henry Rosveldt was released at once. Blackthorn and his negro were tried and condemned, and when he knew that he must die the wretch made a confession. He said that he had murdered fourteen men in that house, the bodies of which had either been buried in the woods, or, in the height of the tide, when the river was high and rapid, thrown in there. Austin Stanton was the fifteenth. Before he killed him he asked him where his money was, and the peddler told him he had given it to Rosveldt on purpose to have it carried safely. This maddened the villain, and when he found that Rosveldt had in his possession the most valuable of all the victim's property, he determined to be revenged upon him. So he put the peddler to death, and having taken all he wished, he and his negro carried the body and the trunks out to the spot where they were found, feeling sure that he could fasten the guilt upon the man who had the murdered man's money and gold watches! The only sorrow he expressed was, that he did not succeed in killing the dog. He said he knocked the animal in the head, and supposed he was dead, but some time in the night he made off, and found his master's body.

So Job Blackthorn and his black accomplice were hung, and Henry Rosveldt went on his way. No one would live in the house which bore such fearful memories with it, and it was torn down; but the place where it stood still bears the name of "THE DEAD MAN'S INN!"

A QUESTION OF AGREEABLENESS.

LITTLE FALLS, April 9, 1856.

MR. LEDGER:—Do you not think a young lady may be as interested and make herself as agreeable in the company of an engaged gentleman, as in the company of one disengaged, providing they both possess the same good qualities? Having heard the subject discussed by two gentlemen of my acquaintance, I would be glad to have your opinion. By answering through your columns, you will oblige an attentive reader.

NELLIE.

Our correspondent's question is so vaguely put, and is susceptible of so many interpretations, that we hardly know what answer to make. If she means to ask, Can a young lady make herself as agreeable to a stranger, or to a friend, as to her lover? we answer, No. If she wishes to get our opinion as to whether an engaged young lady can be as agreeable to a gentleman who is also engaged (to some other lady) as to one who is not engaged, we answer, Yes. If she intends to ask, Can a disengaged young lady, who is heart whole and fancy free, be as agreeable to a gentleman whom she knows to be engaged, as to one whom she knows to be disengaged? our reply is, That depends on circumstances. A coquette would be apt to be more agreeable to somebody else's lover, than to a man on whom no one else had a claim. If, as some impertinent and malicious writers have said, women look upon men simply as so much game to be run down and captured, or captivated, and if they look upon the "engaged" of our sex as game already bagged and beyond their snares, we should say that a young lady would not be apt to make herself as agreeable to a captive as to a freeman. On the other hand, an intelligent, noble-hearted woman, whose sympathies lead her to look upon the unfortunate with no less regard than upon the fortunate, and who recognizes the fact, that, in society, it is one's duty to be complaisant without regard to selfish considerations—such a woman, we think, could be as agreeable to an engaged as to a disengaged gentleman.

HOW TO TREAT JEALOUS HUSBANDS.

An old writer, in advising wives how to treat jealous husbands, remarks that they should never seem to dislike in another what the jealous man is himself guilty of, or to admire anything in which he himself does not excel. The commendation of anything in another stirs up his jealousy, as it shows you have a value for others beside himself; but the commendation of that which he himself wants, inflames him more, as it shows that in some respects you prefer others before him. A jealous husband has a particular aversion to winks and whispers; and if he does not see to the bottom of everything, will be sure to go beyond it in his fears and suspicions. When he finds himself kept out of a secret, he will believe there is more in it than there should be; his working imagination immediately takes a false hint, and runs off with it into several remote consequences, till he has proved very ingenious in working out his own misery. Death is the only certain cure for the malady.

ABOUT WITS.

It is almost grown into a maxim, says Addison, that good-natured men are not always men of the most wit. This observation, in my opinion, has no foundation in nature. The greatest wits I have conversed with, are men eminent for their humanity. I take, therefore, this remark to have been occasioned by two reasons. First, because ill-nature among ordinary observers passes for wit. A spiteful saying gratifies so many little passions in those who hear it, that it generally meets with a good reception, and the man who utters it is looked upon as a shrewd satirist. Another reason why the good-natured man may sometimes bring his wit in question is, perhaps, because he is apt to be moved with compassion for those misfortunes or infirmities, which another would turn into ridicule, and by that means gain the reputation of a wit, and because he casts a vail over failings which an ill-natured man would laugh at. It is therefore, infinitely more honorable to be a good-natured man than a satirist.

SHABBY AND CONTEMPTIBLE.

At a public banquet recently held in New York, the second toast in the list was, "The Queen of Great Britain and Ireland," which was ordered to be drunk standing. The company rose and honored the toast (says a morning paper) with ironical laughter, one old gentleman observing that "It was rather a hard pill to swallow." Such an exhibition of puny discourtesy we regard as exceedingly unbecoming. Our readers well know that we entertain no particular admiration of royalty or dusty old governmental shams; but we do cherish a profound regard for the good name of our own countrymen, and when we see it imperiled by such public exhibitions of vulgarity and ignorance as that above-mentioned, we experience emotions of keen regret and deep mortification.

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EXTRAVAGANCE.—It is said that a Parisian lady within the space of about twenty months contracted a debt at her drapers of about $15,000. Among the items on another Parisian lady's bill were embroidered sheets, at nearly $600 per pair; dinner napkins, $100 to $150 the dozen; collars $160 apiece, &c. Some of them put on a new pair of boots every day, and wear at least two if not three pairs of gloves a day. Let American ladies beware of imitating their extravagance; lest, like them, they may some time be sued for the payment of their bills.

WHAT WE DO FOR THE POOR.

New York does not altogether neglect her poorer classes. The reports of the charitable institutions speak well for her liberality. Look at the reports of only two societies, "the American Widows Relief Association," and "the Children's Aid Society." The former since its organization in January 1855 has given aid to 815 families in sums varying from $1 to $160 to a family; they have assisted several women and children to leave the city for better situations in the country; they have distributed, since the first of November last, $3,028 in cash, and $1000 in groceries, provisions, clothing, &c., and they still continue to labor gratuitously. The Children's Aid Society, during the three years of its existence, has sent some 2,000 children to places of employment in the country, has relieved or clothed at the office and schools over 6,000, has instructed in the schools and lodging houses connected with the society nearly 2,200, and has expended during the past year $10,027 09. At present it employs seven visitors, and has five Industrial schools, an Italian school for the little organ-grinders, a Newsboy's Lodging House and a Lodging House for Homeless Girls. In its schools it is educating more than 1,120 pupils, and its Lodging Houses during the past year have sheltered 374 males and 82 homeless girls. Is not this some proof that New York is a Christian city?

EXTERMINATION OF CONSUMPTION.

Within the last two years there has been an astonishing decrease in the number of deaths in this city, from consumption. According to the City Inspector's reports, there were 843 deaths from consumption during the first quarter of the year 1854; for the same period of 1855, there were but 766 deaths, and for the first quarter of the present year there were only 580 deaths; being a decrease of over thirty-one per cent. in the two years. It is no wonder that so remarkable and gratifying a diminution in the number of victims to this fell disease, should attract much attention; nor is it unnatural that the hundreds who have been cured by the newly-developed treatment known as *inhalation* should regard the extensive introduction of that system as one of the main causes, if not the only reason, for this decrease.

In the "Medical Specialist" for April, Dr. Robert Hunter, who introduced the method of treatment by inhalation, and whose practice has become very extended, says, in reference to this very point:

"If our treatment had been unsuccessful, it must have increased the mortality. If successful, it could not but diminish it in proportion to that success. That that influence has been exerted in the marked decrease in the number of deaths is an inference from the facts, not only legitimate, but, we think, unavoidable; and we claim it not on any personal grounds, but as the natural result of adopting a more direct, simple and common-sense treatment. More than a year ago we stated in one of our published letters, that '*if every case of consumption in this city were placed under judicious treatment by inhalation, the mortality from this disease would be diminished one-half.*' This prediction is now coming to pass."

TRUE AND FALSE HAPPINESS.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions: it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows: in short, it feels everything it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theaters and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.

POPULATION.

The population of the following States has increased in five years—from 1850 to 1855—at the ratio named:—Georgia has increased over three per cent; Alabama over eight per cent; New York over twelve per cent; Arkansas over twenty per cent; Florida over twenty-six per cent; Michigan over twenty-eight per cent; Illinois over forty-five per cent; Iowa over sixty-nine per cent; Wisconsin over eighty per cent. The returns of the census in the States of California, Ohio, and Virginia have not come to hand. The average increase of the population in the whole United States is not less than eighteen and probably not higher than 20 per cent. Within the five years, 1850—55, two-fifths of this increase, or about 1,800,000, have been added by immigration. The population, which in 1850 was 23,191,876, is now probably about 27,830,000, or an increase in five years of more than 4,600,000 souls.

The population of Kansas in 1855 was 8,521, and of Nebraska, 4,565. Oregon is supposed to have 60,000 inhabitants.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

About the funniest thing we have lately seen is the list of names appended to a protest by Chinese gentlemen of this city against some of their vagabond countrymen, who are in the habit of imposing upon the charitable. The names are as follows:

A. Low, A. Hoy, A. Pak, A. Chee, A. Ty, A. Fop, A. Fook, A. Look, A. Hong, A. Gong, A. Long, A. Sung, A. Yan, A. Chung, A. Wy, A. Hoa, A. Tim, A. On, A. Hip, A. Keu, A. Tchu, A. Tsing, Buh Sin, Li Sin, Li Ge, Se Gin, Jang On, Tong Sung, Hung Chung Chu Hong, Fook Tong, Tu Hong, At Chun, Com Jun, Tong Ling, Yang Hong, Hong Chin, and Tom Mow.

What must a Chinese Directory be?